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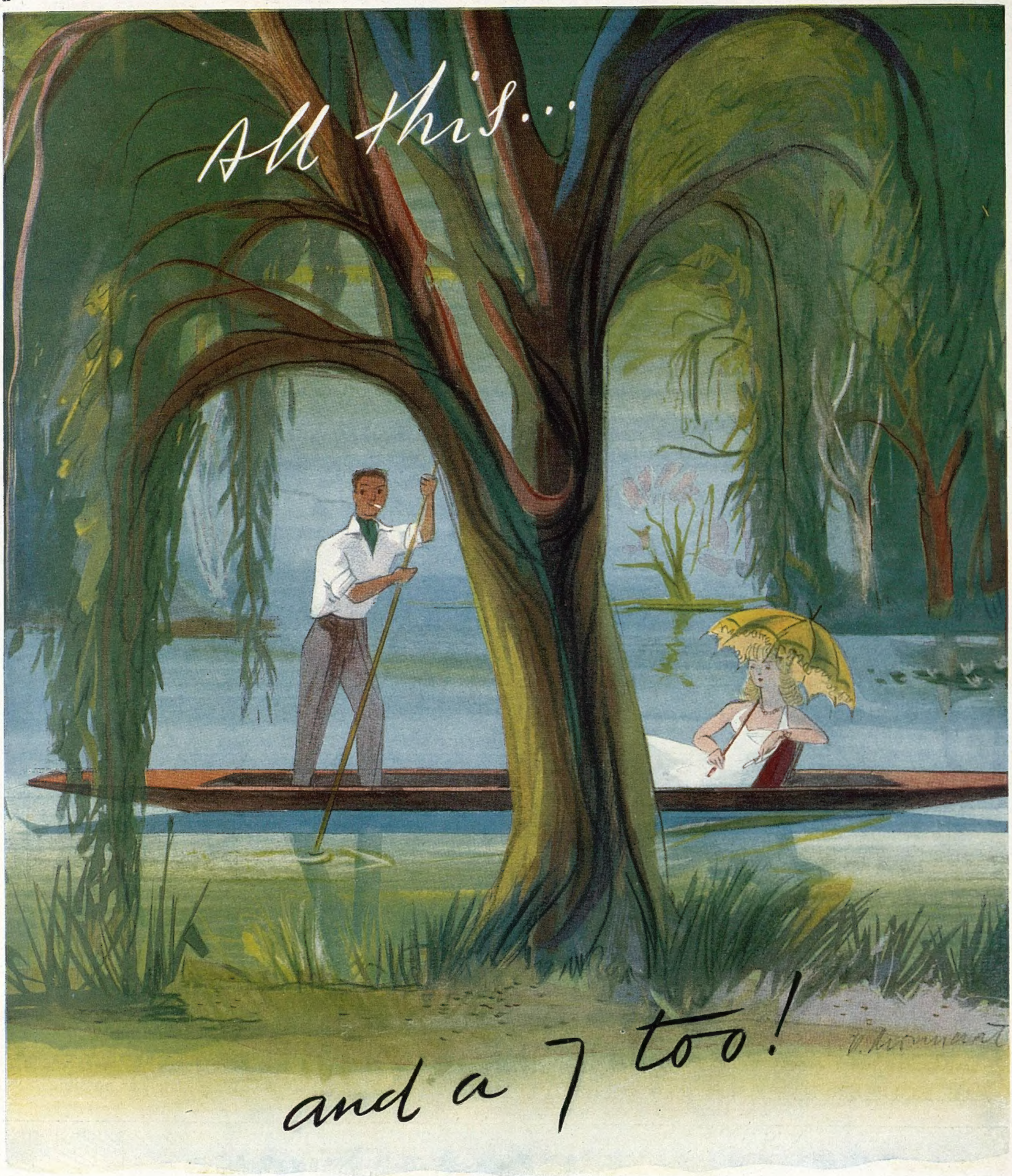

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Volume CXCIII No. 2517 The SPHERE, London, May 1, 1948

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE SILVER WEDDING THANKSGIVING AT ST. PAUL'S—THE KING AND QUEEN HEAR FROM THE PULPIT THE TRIBUTE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR WEDDING: "Here to-day, when our beloved King and Queen celebrate this twenty-fifth anniversary, the nation and the Empire bless God that He has set such a family at the seat of our Royalty," declared Dr. Fisher in his address

After passing through great multitudes of cheering people outside the Palace, in the Mall, in Trafalgar Square, in the Strand and Fleet Street, the King and Queen entered the peace of St. Paul's Cathedral and there, accompanied by 1,000 of their subjects, they gave thanks for twenty-five years of marriage. It was a silver wedding morning of brilliant spring sunshine, reminiscent of that day in 1935 when King George V and Queen Mary returned thanks on the Silver Jubilee of their reign, and throughout the day the weather smiled upon the scenes of pageantry and colour in London's streets. Pictures of the drive to St. Paul's and within the Cathedral will be found on pages 141-48 of this issue

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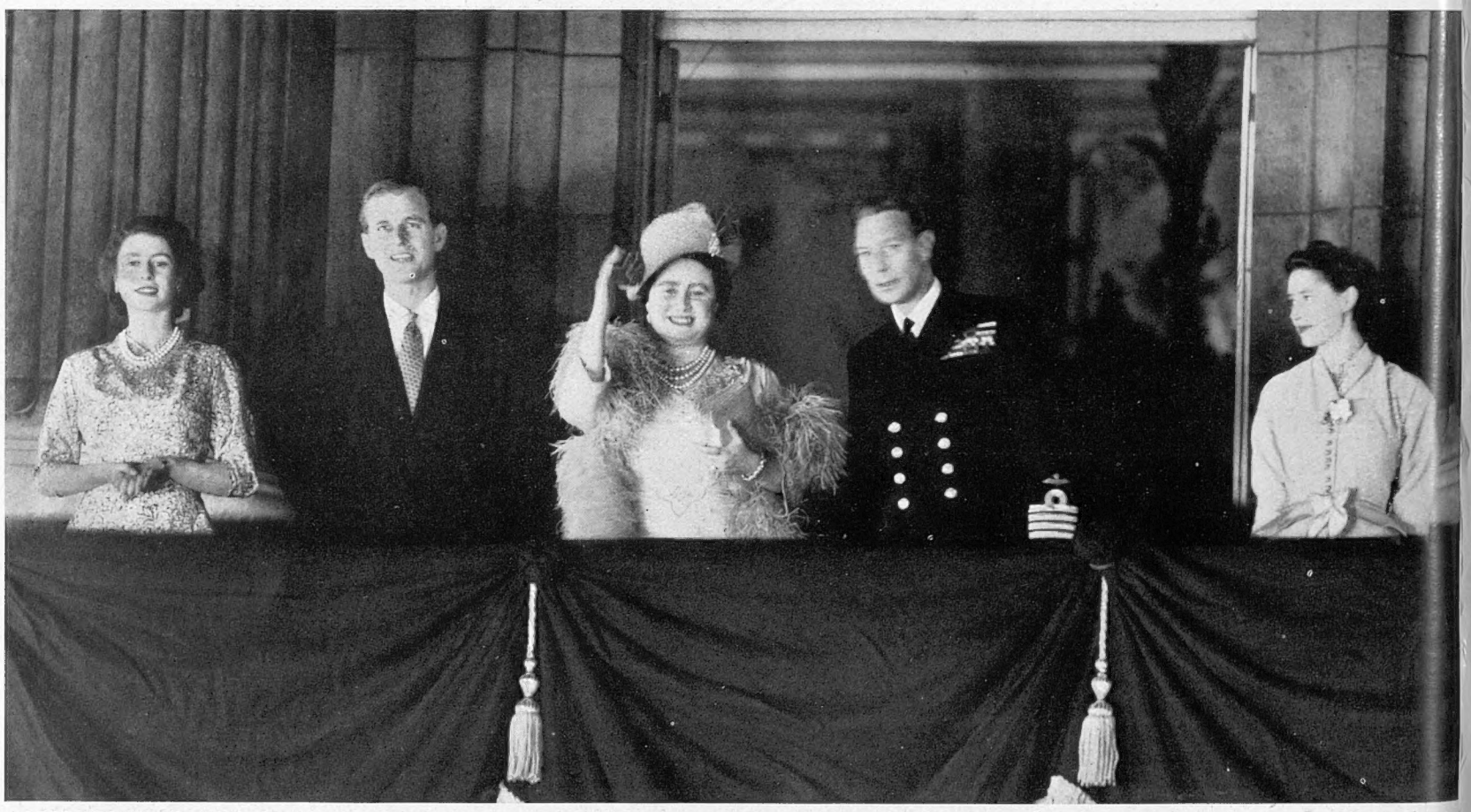
ON THE PALACE BALCONY—THE ROYAL FAMILY RESPONDING TO THE CHEERS OF THE MULTITUDE ON THEIR RETURN FROM THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE AND H.M. QUEEN MARY: No sooner had the Royal procession from the Cathedral entered the quadrangle of the Palace than the crowd pressed forward from Palace balcony was already draped in purple cloth bordered with gold, and it was not long before the King and Queen came out in order to acknowledge th



"GOOD-NIGHT TO YOU ALL"—THE KING AND QUEEN, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH, AND PRINCESS MARGARET ON THE FLOODLIT BALCONY OF THE PALACE: Twice after their return from their 22-mile drive through London the King and Queen were called out by the enthusiastic crowds, the first time just after their broadcast to England and the Commonwealth and the second time at 10.35, when they received yet another ovation. Even after that the cries of "We Want the King!" "We Want the Queen!" continued for some time. The evening drive through London is recorded in pictures on page 132 of this issue

ALL EYES ON THE PALACE—

"This has been a memorable and happy day for the Queen and me. Apart from its deep significance to ourselves as man and wife, it has been made the occasion of a world-wide expression of kindly goodwill towards us which has greatly moved us. It has been an unforgettable experience to realise how many thousands of people there are in this world who wish to join in the thankfulness we feel for the twenty-five years of supremely happy married life which have been granted to us." With these words the King began the joint broadcast with the Queen, a broadcast heard in homes in England and throughout the Commonwealth, and heard also by the expectant crowd which thronged outside the Palace to acclaim Their Majesties at the end of their Silver Wedding Day. As ever on these occasions, Buckingham Palace was the focal point of the celebrations. In St. Paul's in the morning the King and Queen and 1,000 of their subjects gave thanks, but at the Palace in the early afternoon and at night tens of thousands of Londoners came to give thanks to the King and Queen and to demonstrate their affection. The Queen's broadcast, which followed immediately after that of the King, made special reference to the problems of the homeless and the inadequately housed. "At this time," she said, "my heart goes out to all those who are living in uncongenial surroundings and who are longing for the time when they will have a home of their own. I am sure that patience, tolerance and love will help them to keep their faith undimmed and their courage undaunted when things seem difficult"

AT ST. PAUL'S; PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH; THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER; H.M. THE QUEEN; H.M. THE KING; PRINCESS MARGARET; along the Mall and round the Victoria Memorial, and soon the entire area in front of the Palace was closely packed with cheering people. The balustrade of the vociferous greetings of the crowd. Queen Mary and Princess Margaret, Princess Elizabeth, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester then came to join them

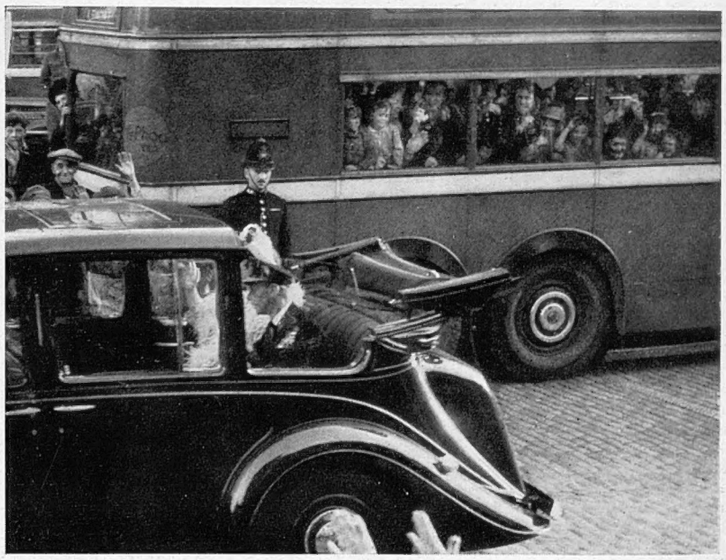
AT THE CLOSE OF A MEMORABLE AND HAPPY DAY—THE GREAT THRONG WHICH GATHERED OUTSIDE THE FLOODLIT PALACE TO ACCLAIM THE ROYAL FAMILY: Long before the Royal drive through London was complete there was a surging mass of people in front of the Palace, and when the Royal car finally came in sight, after being delayed twenty minutes by the great ovations in South and East London, enthusiasm reached its height. At 8.55 the spectators outside the Palace heard a relay of the broadcast speeches by the King and Queen, and then followed the National Anthem, in which all joined

THE 22-MILE DRIVE—THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE AT 6.30 ON THEIR TOUR OF NORTH, EAST AND SOUTH LONDON : The open car leaving the Palace en route for Constitution Hill and Hyde Park Corner. Their Majesties drove with the hood open. No sooner had the drive begun than the crowds surged across Constitution Hill, and from then on Their Majesties passed through a solid lane of cheering people

IN THE CITY ROAD THE ROYAL CAR ALMOST CAME TO A STANDSTILL : This picture evidences the enthusiasm with which Their Majesties were greeted along the 22 miles of London streets. As the drive progressed the car became more and more behind schedule. At Camberwell Green they were fifteen minutes late, and eventually Their Majesties returned to the Palace only just in time for the broadcast

THERE WAS CHEERING ALL THE WAY—TWO MORE IMPRESSIONS OF THE ROYAL PROGRESS THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON : *Left*—Passing the Tower of London, where the crowds were smaller than on most sections of the route as there is a small resident population in the area and a large business population. *Right*—Passing down Cambridge Heath Road in the East End, where enthusiasm rose to a crescendo

THE TRIBUTE OF SOUTH LONDON : The scenes of enthusiasm that Their Majesties had witnessed in the East End were repeated when they crossed the river into South London. After London Bridge they entered the Borough High Street and journeyed down the Old Kent Road. This picture was taken as they swung north-westward at New Cross Gate en route for Camberwell and Vauxhall. The easternmost point of the drive was Burdett Road in Stepney



PASSENGERS ON A BARNET-BOUND BUS HAD A GRANDSTAND VIEW AS THE KING AND QUEEN PASSED ON THEIR WAY : The bus was immobilised by the vast crowds at the Angel, Islington, and passengers young and old thronged to the windows of their unexpected grandstand to watch the Royal Daimler go by. The King, as in the morning, was wearing the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet and the Queen was in silver grey

A London Newsletter

The SILVER JUBILEE

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Silver Jubilee.—I envy royal biographers of the future. A generation hence—and I hope a *full* generation—they will have no need to go beyond the bare, stark facts to colour with romance their chapters on the careers of our now reigning Sovereigns. King George VI, like his father before him, was not educated for a Throne, and lacked even those years of Heir-Apparency which his father used to repair the deficiencies in his education in constitutional matters and in the duties of kingship. King George VI was launched into a sea of troubles, suddenly and quite unexpectedly. One of the most signal proofs that a special destiny watches over this old land of ours may be found in the fact that in the days of our greatest peril sovereigns have reigned over us who exactly fitted the times and conditions in which they reigned. It must puzzle or stimulate educationalists to recall that not one of them was carefully, systematically or exhaustively trained for kingship. King Edward VII, born Heir-Apparent, might have enjoyed sixty years of intensive training. How those years of preparation were decimated and atrophied, deliberately and systematically, every historian has made clear. King George V made not very continuous or intense efforts during the ten years of his father's reign—with every encouragement from his father—to fit himself for the awful responsibilities that would fall to him. His son, King George VI, trained up very much as was his father before '92, leaped into the breach, entirely unprepared. Queen Elizabeth stepped with him into the breach, wafted by a fairy's wand to a fairy-tale destiny, and perfectly equipped without special training. Launched into the maelström, they lost no time in directing the storm. They revealed from the first so sure and practised a handling of the fearful responsibility so suddenly thrown upon them, as may well give pause to all theories of educational preparation. His Majesty's conduct of the Throne, his record as a constitutional sovereign, in days of unparalleled danger, in times when no fiercer light ever beat upon the British Throne, stands as unchallenged as does his father's, an open book wherein all may read every sentence and find very much for praise and nothing for criticism. On these matters, political historians and constitutional lawyers will pronounce verdict. My own interest to-day lies rather in assessing the reasons for the popular verdict—the common man's approbation—which, from the Silver Jubilee of King George V and Queen Mary down to the Silver Wedding celebrations of last week, has been so often and so warmly expressed in the streets of London and elsewhere and at the Palace gates.

"The Little Candle."—Leadership? Example? In the chaos of our days the common man looks for leadership. In the break-up of moral standards and ethical discipline, he sees the value and the need of a noble example in service, duty, responsibility and high ideals. These things the King and Queen have given us. And yet, as it seems to me, a great measure of our approbation is derived from qualities less tangible, from benefits received which, if prima facie of less constitutional importance, are better appreciated, more clearly recognised, even more gratefully accepted, than leadership and moral example. I should like to think that, in days to come, some biographer of this reign will sum up the pith and point of his verdict on the lives and service of his royal subjects in some such words as these: "When in 1938 the dark ages of barbarism closed down on civilisation, these two, almost alone as it seemed, steadily, consistently, with infinite courage, steadfastness and faith, with patience unfaltering, with grace abounding, kept alight the lamp of civilisation and preserved some of the flowers and graces of human culture from perishing from the earth." And in that verdict may be found one answer to the question which educationalists pose: What are the qualities of chief importance to-day in a nation's leaders? And if in the leaders, then ideally in the humblest, from whose ranks potential leaders must be recruited. I would not put good manners low in the list, since that quality connotes half a dozen of the most attractive and valuable of human qualities. Living as we do in the sombre and dreary ruins of the civilisation men painfully built up and wantonly destroyed, we can estimate the worth of that little candle which the King and Queen have kept steadily burning. "So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

FLASHBACK TO APRIL 26, 1923—THE NEWLY-WED DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ACKNOWLEDGE THE CHEERS OF THE MULTITUDE FROM THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: A smiling picture of the bride and bridegroom on their return from Westminster Abbey. The Duke was wearing the uniform of the Royal Air Force in which he saw active service as a young man

"Kind Hearts. . . ."—Trite, perhaps, but not outworn, "Victorian" but damnably apropos to-day, the well-worn tag fits the tailpiece: "Kind hearts are more than coronets." The material graces are furnished at the Palaces, the elegancies, the efficient, silent service, the trained staffs, the meticulous preparation of details. These things, in one sense essential and taken for granted, provide a setting but can never inspire the acting. At the root of good manners there must always be highly prized and rare human qualities. The graciousness of Princes is specious if not rooted in kindliness and human sympathy in full measure, if not shaped by stern and high qualities of duty, responsibility and service to humanity. If the graciousness of a Sovereign warms and charms with greater radiancy, the graciousness of one common man to another is not less effective, is every whit as essential in any civilised existence. It is because these graces rise in the hearts of the King and Queen, that the common man recognises his debt to them as practical exemplars of qualities which, above all, this sad and dingy world of ours to-day lacks and needs so bitterly.

FLASHBACK TO CORONATION DAY 1937—KING GEORGE VI, QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THEIR GROWING FAMILY: Their Majesties and the Princesses in their robes of State following the ceremony at Westminster Abbey. Princess Elizabeth was at that time eleven years old and Princess Margaret was six

History in the Making.—I suppose that between 1940 and 1945 Mr. Churchill and Goebbels were among the half-dozen men most likely to know the *facts* (as far as they could be known) on both sides of the firing line—that is, in Germany and on the Allied side. It is, therefore, interesting to have available at the same time in the Press excerpts from Goebbels' diaries and Churchill's war memoirs. The contrasts between the two documents point several morals to the would-be Greats. *Imprimis*: Write your war memories *from your diaries* and notes, but *after the event*. The diaries will refresh your memory, but they will need *editing* if you are to avoid going down to history as a blindfolded gossip writer. Goebbels was clever: sane as Nazis go, or went: very shrewd and the master of an efficient intelligence service of spies and informers in many lands. And he wanted to be thought a man of great intelligence. It is odd that, with his smartness, he did not think of destroying his diaries before he destroyed himself and family. For the cleverest, most careful war diary shows up war as a game—still as ever—of blind-man's-buff; a game of amateurs. Some of Goebbels' judgments of men are infantile: some of his prophecies ridiculous: some of his inferences futile. There is much that is clever and shrewd; but a lot more that reveals this master sleuth as just as hopelessly in the fog as you or me. Mr. Churchill's blue pencil came into use *post facto*, giving time for cool judgment, time for fine prose, time for selecting the essentials and, without eliminating or denying the inevitable fog of war and consequent errors of judgment—the very atmosphere of war—securing for his history the consistency, the design, the pattern which—divorced of triviality and half truth—confirms its compiler as a statesman and leader of the first class.

Divided They Stand.—Many historians of the early nineteenth century have declared that nothing but the paralysing divisions of the Whig Opposition could have kept the Tories' long and weak administrations in power for so many years. The "mountain" and other cliques, the disloyalties and the private vendettas, these kept the Whigs in the wilderness for twenty-three years. *Divided they fail* was the rule then in party politics. How different now! Mr. Attlee safely drives his "pigs to market." It is a go-as-you-please procession. Any back bencher has as much right to declare Government policy as any Cabinet Minister or the Premier. Some say one thing, some another. They contradict each other daily. Government advice is offered and scorned. The Nenni telegram is the latest example of go-as-you-please carried into foreign policy to all lengths. And the Socialist Government after three years of go-as-you-please within the party stands as firm as a battalion of Guardsmen facing a rabble armed with pitchforks. One might suppose that the popular conception of democracy is indiscipline and disloyalty from Downing Street to Dingley Dell. Yet, in truth, Downing Street has the lion's share of these luxuries. And Dingley Dell claps its handcuffed hands.

THE OLD STAGER

THE CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATS TRIUMPH IN ITALY

How the People Flocked to the Polls in Support of de Gasperi

THEY BROUGHT OUT THEIR BANNER TO SIGNALISE THE VICTORY: Christian Democrats celebrating the success of Signor de Gasperi

On Sunday, April 18, and Monday, April 19, Italy staged her momentous General Election, and by the middle of last week it was made known that the Communists had received a mighty setback. No small part in the electoral triumph of the Christian Democrats could be laid at the door of Pope Pius XII, who boldly enunciated his views on the election and encouraged all supporters of the Roman Catholic Church to rally to the polls. On the election days it was obvious that the Pope's advice was being taken, and in Milan, stronghold of materialism, Cardinal Schuster, avowed enemy of the Communists, was among the first to cast his vote

SMILES OF VICTORY: Signor de Gasperi, Italian Premier and leader of the Christian Democrats, with his Minister of the Interior, Mario Scelba. This picture was taken in the Viminale Palace, Rome, as they totted up the returns in the General Election. The Christian Democrats secured 48·7 per cent. of all votes

SIGNOR ("TELEGRAM") NENNI WAS CALLED TO ORDER: The leader of the Left Wing Socialists, who allied himself with the Popular Front, seen at a Milan voting station. A Christian Democrat had just objected to Nenni stepping ahead of other voters

CARDINAL SCHUSTER WAS AN EARLY VOTER: The Archbishop of Milan, outspoken enemy of Communism, receiving his authority to vote at a Milan polling station

AT THE POPE'S BEHEST: Members of the Order of Poor Clares who must not show their faces except to other nuns of the same order, waiting outside a Rome polling-station

SHE LED THE HALT AND THE MAIMED TO THE POLLS: The Marquise Giuseppina Mengarini, sister of Pope Pius, being wheeled to a Rome voting station

CALLING A HALT TO THE HECTIC CAMPAIGN: Roman police driving on to the sidewalk in a jeep to break up an eve-of-the-poll political meeting near the Piazza Colonna

A GESTURE FROM TRIESTE: Girls of the Free City carrying through the streets albums containing 196,000 signatures calling upon Italy to vote for the Christian Democrats

BOGOTA LAY DESOLATE, LOOTED, GUTTED AND UNDER MARTIAL LAW: A scene of destruction in the Colombian capital after three days of almost continuous rioting in the course of which the business section of the city was reduced to a shambles. The rioting broke out following the assassination of the Liberal leader, Eliecer Gaitan, and in the midst of the Ninth International Conference of American States attended by Mr. George Marshall

AFTER-MATH in BOGOTA

Ruin and Destruction in Colombia's Capital

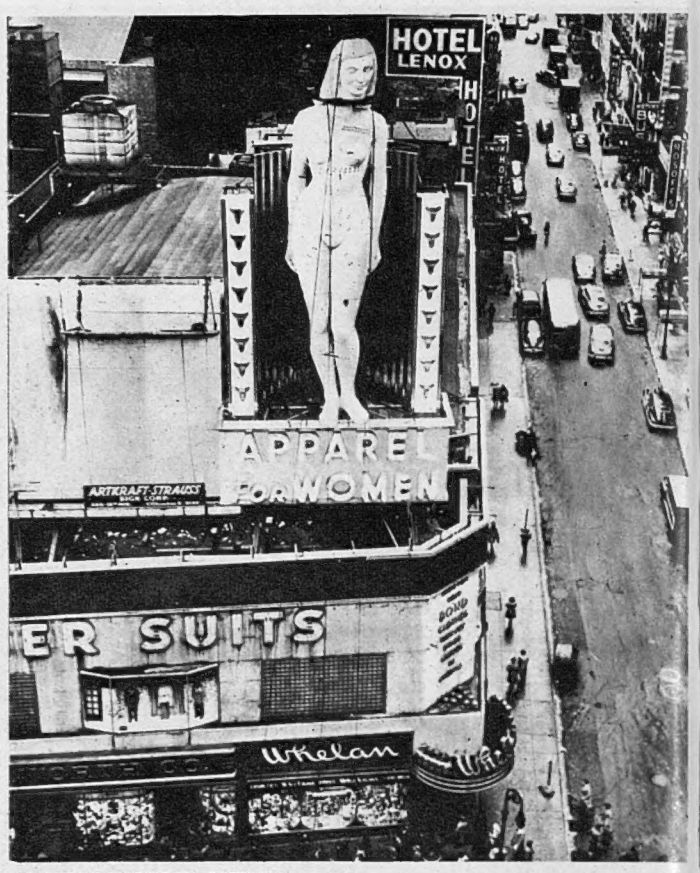
A SUSPECTED SNIPER AT BAY: Colombian troops engaged in mopping-up operations in Bogota, where intermittent firing continued for a number of days

FOR A WEEK THE DEAD LAY UNBURIED: Some of the 300 victims of the Bogota outbreak

On April 15 the Bogota Conference, so ruthlessly interrupted by the upheaval following the assassination of the Liberal leader Gaitan, resumed its work, and outside in the streets, laid waste during three days of bloodshed and riot, gangs of workmen set about clearing up the capital. In the fighting which rocked Bogota for three days 300 citizens died and, according to Mr. George Marshall, and Mr. Mackereth, the British Ambassador, the upheaval bore all the marks of Communist inspiration and direction. The speed with which the outbreak gathered pace, the tactics used by looters and snipers, were all indications that the Communist "International" had a hand in affairs

AND NOW THE CLEARING-UP BEGINS: A lorry drawn up beside a pile of rubble in the residential section of Bogota. One correspondent declared in his despatch, "Bogota looks more like a blitzed city than one that has been through a near-revolution"

MUCH ADO ABOUT THE WHITE HOUSE BACK PORCH—THE SECOND-STOREY BALCONY WHICH PRESIDENT TRUMAN HAS HAD BUILT IN CONFORMITY WITH THE PLANS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, THIRD PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND WHICH HAS CAUSED A STORM OF CONTROVERSY IN WASHINGTON: When the President first told his Press conference about the White House alterations, accusations were unleashed in the Press regarding Presidential waste. Now the balcony is complete the President has announced very firmly that he intends to sit on the balcony for the next four years, in other words, that he has no intention whatsoever of renouncing the nomination for the Presidency

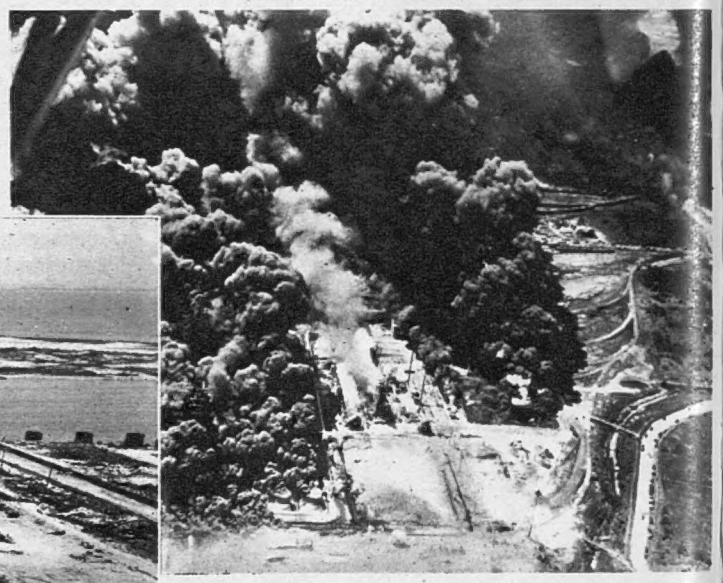


SCULPTURAL ART IN GOTHAM—60 TONS OF GLAMOUR FOR THE "GREAT WHITE WAY": This nude figure, weighing 60 tons (eventually to be Neon lighted), has been set up on a store at the corner of 44th Street and Broadway, New York. It is part of an advertising drive by makers of women's clothes, and it was erected in sections

A Foreign Survey

WORLD NEWS IN PICTURES

THE WATERFRONT AT TEXAS CITY TWELVE MONTHS AFTER THE DISASTER: An aerial view of the devastated plant of the Monsanto Chemical Works which was touched-off by the explosion in the French steamer S.S. "Grandcamp." In the centre of the picture is the wreckage of the steamer "Wilson B. Keene," and away on the right a giant crane is seen engaged in clearance work. It will be some time yet before new construction can take place on any scale. In this Texas City disaster the damage to property was estimated at £25,000,000, and this important port in Galveston Bay suffered a crushing blow. At least 95 per cent. of the houses in the city were damaged, and windows were broken over a radius of 140 miles



A YEAR AGO THE TEXAS CITY CATASTROPHE WRECKED THE £4,000,000 MONSANTO CHEMICAL PLANT: Smoke pouring from burning oil-storage tanks in the course of the series of explosions which brought ruin to this southern port in 1947

IN GREECE THE REGULAR ARMY STAGES A DRESS REHEARSAL FOR THE MAIN SPRING OFFENSIVE: Lieut.-General James Van Fleet (second from left), head of the United States Military Mission in Greece, discussing with Greek Army officers the plans for an attack on a stronghold in the Kroussia Mountains. The Greek Army has been attempting to evolve a technique to deal with the will-o'-the-wisp tactics of General Markos

GENERAL DE GAULLE SPEAKS AT MARSEILLES : The leader of the Rally of the French People delivering his call to France in the Communist stronghold. He demanded that new elections must be held forthwith

THE MAN WHO TAKES THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD : M. Robert Schuman, the French Premier, seen during his recent visit to Poitiers, when he detailed his latest programme for keeping commodity prices in check

A LEFT TRIUMVIRATE : Three notabilities of the Communist Party at the Buffalo Stadium, Paris, where they attended a mid-April rally coinciding with de Gaulle's appearance at Marseilles. On the left is André Marty, General Secretary of the Party. On the right are seated Madame Thorez and M. Maurice Thorez. Last week the French Communist Party issued its seventeen-point programme. It is calculated to appeal to all classes, including Socialists, Catholics and former members of the Resistance

MAN WHO GUIDES EIRE'S COALITION OF FIVE : Mr. John Costello, fifty-seven-year-old barrister, in his office at Government Buildings, Dublin. Mr. Costello was Attorney-General in the Cosgrave Government from 1926 to 1932, and he played a prominent part in the Imperial Conferences that led up to the Statute of Westminster. His party, Fine Gael, heads the Coalition of five, the others being New Republicans, Labour, National Labour and Farmers

THE NEWLY-UNVEILED HUGUENOT MEMORIAL AT FRENCH HOOK : The memorial, situated on the outskirts of the celebrated settlement in the Cape Province, not far from Paarl, commemorates the pioneering of the Huguenot refugees who turned the wilderness of the Drakenstein Valley into one of the most fertile regions of Southern Africa. French Hook was founded towards the end of the seventeenth century, and descendants of the refugees still retain some of the farms claimed from the wilds. The monument, costing £10,000, consists of triple arches 40 ft. high, the central arch being crowned with a copper finial representing the sun and surmounted by a cross. Beneath the arches is the figure of a Huguenot girl

SUPER-FORTRESSES CROSSING THE RHINE AT WIESBADEN WHEN NEARING THE END OF A LONG-RANGE NAVIGATION TRAINING FLIGHT FROM THE UNITED STATES : The planes, which belong to a group now attached to European Command, landed safely at Furstenfeldbruck Air Base. They all made the journey without incident. America is now making plans for large-scale bomber production once again

IN JERUSALEM ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN THESE DAYS : That is why these Arabs scattered at speed when hearing a shot fired during the funeral of Abdel Kader Husseini, the Arab military leader and cousin of the exiled Mufti of Jerusalem. Husseini was killed during the fighting for the mountain stronghold of Castel, commanding the convoy route from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. He was accorded the unusual distinction of burial within the precincts of the Mosque el Aksa which lies within the temple area of the Old City

THE EVER-CHANGING BAY OF WHALES VIEWED FROM ONE OF THE AMPHIBIAN AIRCRAFT OF TASK FORCE 39 : A dramatic aerial view of the pressure area showing seals basking in the sunshine on the canyon floor. The Bay of Whales, visited in turn by Scott, Shackleton, Amundsen and Byrd, changes its configuration from year to year, and although some features are essentially permanent, each expedition can expect to encounter conditions that are quite unlooked for. Task Force 39, which has just returned from the Antarctic, has been engaged in survey work along the whole coast from the Marguerite Bay area of Graham Land to Shackleton's old base in McMurdo Sound

AN ANTARCTIC JOURNEY WITH U.S. TASK FORCE 39

Pictures Taken During the Recent Geographical Survey

In 1947 the world echoed to the news that a great international Antarctic race was in progress, that Chile and the Argentine were about to challenge the United States, Great Britain and Australia in the Far South, and that attempts were to be made to survey the vast mineral wealth of the Polar Continent. That challenge was made surely enough this winter when the Chilean President landed in Graham Land to claim part of the territory on behalf of Chile, and when Argentina backed up the claims of her smaller neighbour. While all this was going on, however, an American expedition was quietly surveying the Antarctic coastline, the two powerful U.S. Navy ice-breakers *Burton Island* and *Edisto* forcing their way through the ice round one-half of the continent with the purpose of establishing the position of mountains, bays and other points by which aerial photographs taken during the Byrd expedition last year might be properly orientated. Of special interest in view of

(*Continued above on right*)

WHERE SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON ESTABLISHED HIS BASE CAMP IN THE 1907 EXPEDITION : Despite the passage of over forty years, the landing party from the American task force found the camp in a remarkably good state of preservation. This headquarters hut, bleached by snows, was built below the top of a ridge and away from prevailing winds. It was Shackleton who named the Bay of Whales, and he was the first to realise that the bay consisted in part of stable features and in part of ice capable of alarming rapidity of movement

IN A WORLD OF CANNED GRAPEFRUIT, BULLY BEEF AND TOMATO CATSUP : H. N. Alexander, photographer's mate (Second Class), in the stores tunnel at Little America III, Admiral Byrd's 1947 base, where Task Force 39 called in order to obtain supplies during the latest expedition to Antarctica

WHEN THE MISCELLANEOUS AUXILIARIES COME INTO THEIR OWN—THE UNITED STATES ICE-BREAKERS "BURTON ISLAND" AND "EDISTO," TWIN VESSELS OF 5,425 TONS, MOORED AGAINST THE BAY ICE IN THE BAY OF WHALES: These two powerful ships, classed rather contemptuously among the miscellaneous auxiliaries of the U.S. Navy, left Samoa on December 5, 1947, and since then, as Task Force 39, have done a magnificent job of work in steaming for thousands of miles east and west of the Bay of Whales, establishing en route the positions of mountains, bays and other geographical features noted from the air. Each ship had an amphibian aircraft, and on the "Burton Island" can be seen the helicopter used for exploring the ice pack and inshore points

the British dispute with Chile over Graham Land, was the visit of the ice-breaker *Burton Island* to the Marguerite Bay area, and the meeting between the crew of the ice-breaker and members of Commander Finn Ronne's expedition, which, while independent, has none the less been reporting progress to the United States Navy and the State Department. At one time during the expedition the *Burton Island* was able to be of service to Commander Finn Ronne's ship, *Port of Beaumont*, by giving it a tow through an ice-bound area. Since the pictures on these pages were taken, both expeditions have returned to the United States, and there is no doubt that both have added considerably to the sum total of our Antarctic knowledge. Commander Finn Ronne now confirms the British view regarding the continuous nature of the Graham Land Peninsula

Below—**WHERE TWO EXPEDITIONS MET: Looking south-west towards Millerand Island from Marguerite Bay in Graham Land. It was here that the United States ice-breaker "Burton Island," of Task Force 39, contacted the "Port of Beaumont," headquarters ship of the independent expedition led by Commander Finn Ronne**

APPROACHING NENY ISLAND IN THE NOTORIOUS MARGUERITE BAY AREA: This picture was taken from the deck of the "Burton Island" as she neared the end of her eastward cruise from the Bay of Whales to Graham Land. Marguerite Bay is sometimes known as the "hell hole" of Antarctica by reason of its dire weather conditions

WHO WAS WHO IN 1923

Glancing Back Across the Years in World Affairs

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IN 1923 the Duke of York was overshadowed by his elder brother, then at the peak of world popularity, and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon was stepping before the public from that inner circle of bright post-war Society, of which she was a favourite.

If you run through those who are extensively prominent to-day, and cast back to what they were and to what they were doing twenty-five years ago, results may be interesting.

Mr. Winston Churchill was at the nadir of his fortunes. After the Dardanelles in 1915, he could seek the brave solace of the trenches. Defeated in three successive elections inside fifteen months, what could he do now? Neither Bonar Law nor Baldwin appeared to miss him, and the Conservatives said, "Serve him right!" So Mr. Churchill, calling on that all-round genius which has made him a lucky man, got right down to "The World Crisis."

Major Attlee, thirty-nine and recently married, was wrapt in municipal and welfare work east of Aldgate. Mr. Bevin ("prudent and of marked ability") had just gained the spotlight as "the Dockers' K.C." He and Harry Gosling had been rounded on by the strikers, and there was much talk of the "decline of the Trade Unions," of the "moral rot" of Labour, due to "bad leadership and excess of officialism."

Stafford Cripps was a name only to lawyers who watched the young and rising of their profession. Aneurin Bevan had made his mark with the South Wales miners, having passed from a stutter to great fluency. John Strachey was at Magdalen College, Oxford, already striking the political anvil—of what hue the sparks were, I cannot say.

Captain Anthony Eden entered the House past the beauty of Lady Warwick, one of the family circle, whom he defeated in her home territory. Sir Oswald Mosley was just catching hold. He wrote in a Year Book about "settling Europe" and earned this reference: "Has an independent mind and has spoken with effect in Parliament."

Turning to the Dominions, what a remarkable discovery! Not only did General Smuts and Mr. Mackenzie King hold the same post a generation ago, as they hold to-day — the Premiership—but each attended an Imperial Conference in London. As a good second could be cited Lord Bruce, who, in 1923, became Premier of the Australian Commonwealth. (Also about: a boy wonder called Bradman, rapidly qualifying to play in inter-State cricket.)

President Truman was still having a go at the haberdashery business. In Kansas, I imagine. He was a "veteran" (former artillery captain), was considered a solid citizen able to attract a respectful hearing, and the local Pendergast Machine was giving Harry his first small-town boosts in the hope that he might qualify for wider public service.

A Presidential Election was pending and Henry Ford was a strong possibility. Hoover was in the Cabinet after conducting "aid to Europe" on his own. Captain Eisenhower was sunk right away in the Regular Army, and Colonels Marshall and MacArthur were not known outside Service circles for good staff work in World War I. Stassen was engaged in the laudable native pursuit of working his way through college. Dewey had done the like not long before. Henry Wallace was a young farmer.

Lenin had entered his final year of life. Who would succeed him? It was taken for granted that Trotsky would be the man, though Rykov might have a chance. Few save Lenin himself gave much thought to a zealous Georgian of forty-one. Yet Stalin was getting his fingers on the wires with a view to pulling Trotsky about, in the looming bid for power.

Seated at his desk, doing the donkey-work, was "Stone Posterior" Molotov, as consecrated to the service of his immediate chief as was Stalin to that of his doomed master.

It is hard to apply this special type of scrutiny to Russia because of the habit of "bumping off" prominent Bolsheviks or of ordering them into obscurity. As many must have gone in one or the other of these ways as died in the normal manner. Vorochilov is a notable survivor. The rest of the marshals (save the chief one) were young revolutionary soldiers in 1923, while those other Lords of Russia, the men of the Politburo, were party novices.

Young Major de Gaulle had joined the military household of Marshal Pétain, as A.D.C. As Vice-Chief of the Supreme War Council, the Marshal made a rare visit to the England that he even then cordially disliked. Premier Schuman, as a young M.P. for Metz, was still full of zest at having shaken off German nationality. At twenty-two, Thorez had become the mouthpiece of the miners of the Lens coalfield, though he had never worked in the mines.

THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING CAKE—THE ONE-TIER CAKE ON COMPLETION AT THE LONDON BAKERY OF McVITIE AND PRICE: The cake has eight panels, on which are shown the Coats of Arms of Their Majesties. The Coats of Arms are worked in colour, as also are the Coronation and Victory plaques. The remainder are in white, except the Monogram, which is touched with silver. Worked into the canopies and balconies which frame the plaques are the dates 1923-1948, and the words "Canada," "Australia," "South Africa," in commemoration of the visits paid by Their Majesties to these Dominions. At the eight corners are niches into which are worked the Tudor Rose, Thistle and a festoon of tiny flowers. The base of the cake is encircled by a garland of roses, and binding the initials G and E are roses and thistles entwined together. The centre of the cake rises with a graceful sweep of delicate scroll-work to support a silver bowl holding gardenias and white roses. This feature of the cake is surrounded by further scroll-work, in which are incorporated the figures "25" above each plaque

The political tide was running strongly for Herriot, who would be Premier within a year. Blum was a busy journalist-deputy, but had come forward relatively late in life, after labouring so long in the wings for Jaurès. And there was a young professor in the Latin Quarter . . . name of Bidault . . . who also had a penchant for article-writing.

As Mgr. Pacelli, His Holiness the Pope had begun his eleven years as Nuncio in Munich and Berlin. Count Sforza was battling against Mussolini, who had lately received the G.C.B., and Nitti was expanding in a Montparnasse flat. Togliatti was bound for "The Islands," and on tasting freedom, headed for Moscow.

Though to-day he teaches languages in Lisbon, mention must be made of Dino Grandi. Twenty-five years ago he was sky-high as one of the Quadrumvirate of the March on Rome.

As the last of Hitler's original band, Hess, too, retains a kind of prominence. Hess was at his happiest a generation ago, for he was taking down Volume One of *Mein Kampf* from the lips of his beloved Führer. That was at the Plattenhof, halfway up to the destroyed Berghof.

Schumacher? Kaiser? Gerotwohl? I cannot tell you what they were doing in 1925. But Schacht was preparing his great out-of-the-hat Rentenmark trick, and Krupp was where he is at this writing—in the dock for war offences. Oh . . . and "Little Willie" had finished his memoirs and was about to escape from Wieringen. From words he let drop last summer in the Black Forest, I shouldn't be surprised to hear of him repeating the effort.

The lights have dimmed round kings and princes. Few have bridged the years. Queen Mary is a proud exception; and Queen Wilhelmina who, with her fourteen-year-old Juliana, spent the summer of 1923 in the Lake District. Hirohito had finished his globe-trotting as a student prince. King Gustav was still in tournament tennis as "Mr. G." King Haakon, the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg and Prince Louis of Monaco were where they still are. And the Prince of Wales went to his E.P. ranch in Canada after "a strenuous year of public service."

Having moved away from the governing tribe and politicians, let us move farther. Bernard Shaw, at sixty-seven, was in gestation with *Saint Joan*. Somerset Maugham was in his heyday as dramatist (*Our Betters*), but Noel Coward was still an impatient and angry young man and would have to wait one year more before soundly ringing the bell with *The Vortex*.

The evergreen Charles B. Cochran was doing for revue at the Pavilion what he is now doing for English operetta at the Adelphi. Sybil Thorndike ("one of our greatest actresses") scored in *Advertising April*. Sir Thomas Beecham was Beechaming, and Max was Beerbohming from Rapallo, and Masefield wrote *King Cole*, and Michael Arlen *The Green Hat*. John painted Suggia, and Aldous Huxley was all the rage with his novels, and J. B. Priestley pulled at a pipe in Fleet Street.

Greta Garbo was behind her first counter in Stockholm, and Bergman was a small schoolgirl. Hollywood's regal address was "Pickfair," and Chaplin was earning £150,000 a year.

In the realm of sport, all British eyes were on Hobbs—a hundred hundreds—and on the Channel swimmers. Three across in one month!

Joyce Wetheread duelled with Cecil Leitch. Helen Wills burst on the courts at maidenly seventeen. And the Aga Khan was there. Seagrave was the first British driver to win the Motor Grand Prix. And . . . and this symposium is departing from the limits set, and, anyway, there's no space to continue in this light note.

Broz-Tito was at his smithy in Croatia, and the sparks glowed red. Major Franco was an up-and-coming young officer on the staff of the Marquis di Estella.

Chiang Kai-shek was noted by President Sun-yat-Sen as the rising Chinese soldier. Mr. De Valera was President of Sinn Fein. Ismet Pasha won at the Lausanne Conference against Curzon, Poincaré *and* Mussolini. President Inonü has been one of the stayers of the first half of the twentieth century. He was already famous when Earl Mountbatten was a naval cadet.

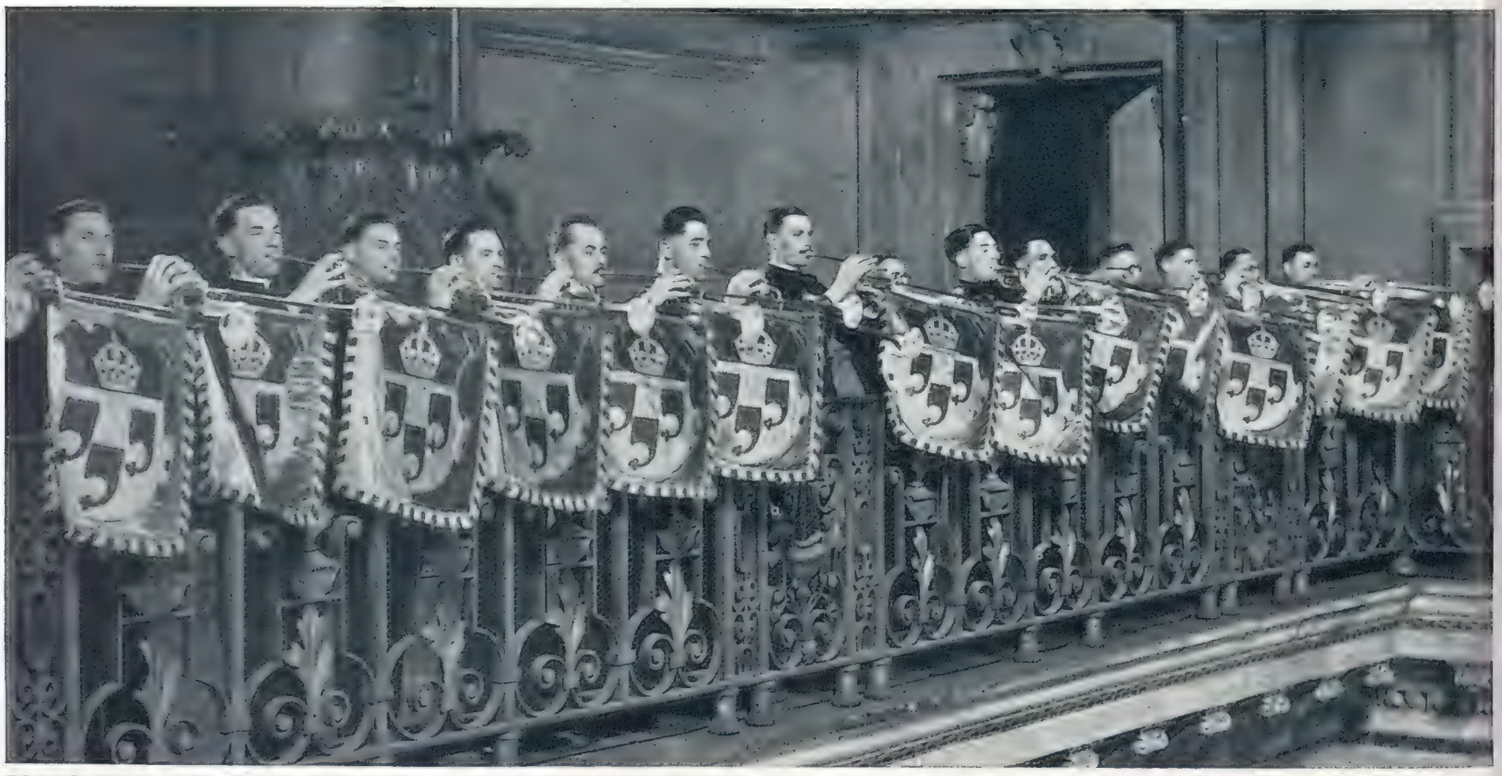
In 1923 the Earl had the problem of being global travelling companion to the Prince of Wales, and newly-married man. Lord Alexander held field rank in the Irish Guards, and Lord Montgomery was Major or Captain in the Warwickshire Regiment.

THE START OF THE DRIVE DOWN FLEET STREET—THE KING AND QUEEN ACKNOWLEDGING THE THUNDEROUS CHEERS AS THE PROCESSION LEFT TEMPLE BAR ON THE LAST QUARTER OF A MILE OF THE JOURNEY TO ST. PAUL'S: The landau was accompanied by a Sovereign's Escort of Household Cavalry

THE ARRIVAL AT TEMPLE BAR—IN ACCORDANCE WITH ANCIENT CUSTOM THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON HANDS THE CITY'S PEARL SWORD TO THE KING, WHO TOUCHES IT IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE CITY'S TRIBUTE: The Queen, a radiant figure in silver grey, wearing the Garter Ribbon and carrying a bouquet of long-stemmed roses, smiled a greeting to the great crowds as the carriage halted momentarily at the City boundary. Seated opposite her in the open landau was Princess Margaret, wearing blue. As the Lord Mayor withdrew, the open landau set off down Fleet Street, across Ludgate Circus, and up the hill to St. Paul's, where trumpeters of the Household Cavalry greeted them with a fanfare from the Cathedral steps

C

THE GOAL OF THE JOURNEY—THE KING AND QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET ABOUT TO LEAVE THEIR STATE LANDAU AS THEY ARRIVED AT THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AFTER THEIR TWO-MILE DRIVE THROUGH CHEERING MULTITUDES FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Waiting to greet them was Sir Frederick Wells, Lord Mayor of London, who only a few minutes before had offered the City's tribute at Temple Bar. Yeomen Warders of the Tower lined the steps of St. Paul's, and it was from the top of the steps that the State trumpeters of the Household Cavalry sounded a fanfare



FANFARE AT ST. PAUL'S—THE TRUMPETERS OF THE ROYAL MILITARY SCHOOL OF MUSIC SOUNDED A SECOND FANFARE FOR THEIR MAJESTIES AFTER THEY HAD ENTERED THE CATHEDRAL BEHIND THE LORD MAYOR AND AS THE BISHOP OF LONDON, DR. WAND, WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN THE IMPRESSIVE SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING: In his address the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, referred to the example of the King and Queen in their home life. "By a sure instinct of perception," he declared, "our people have known that in this Royal Family there is no disharmony and have rejoiced to know it"

WALKING BEHIND THE CITY SWORD—THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN HAVE JUST LEFT THEIR CARRIAGE AND ARE ABOUT TO CLIMB THE CATHEDRAL STEPS IN THE WAKE OF THE SWORDBEARER, SIR FREDERICK WELLS, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: A second landau has drawn up on the right, and from this have emerged Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. Together with Princess Margaret, they then followed the King and Queen into the Cathedral

A MOMENT OF SOLEMN PAGEANTRY—WHILE THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF ST. PAUL'S WAIT AT THE GREAT WEST DOOR TO GREET THEIR MAJESTIES, THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSES UP THE STEPS BETWEEN THE YEOMEN WARDERS: FROM EACH SIDE OF THE CANOPIED ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL THE STATE TRUMPETERS, RESPLENDENT IN SCARLET AND CLOTH OF GOLD, SOUND THEIR FIRST FANFARE OF WELCOME. To watch the arrival of the King and Queen, a vast crowd gathered on Ludgate Hill and at the approaches to the Cathedral, and every building in the vicinity was thronged with spectators

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—LOOKING ALONG THE GREAT LENGTH OF THE NAVE DURING THE SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR MAJESTIES KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH—A SERVICE TO WHICH THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY REFERRED IN HIS ADDRESS AS "A GREAT DOMESTIC FESTIVAL FOR US ALL": The King and Queen are seated at the head of the aisle, their two chairs being placed in front of the pews and just below the steps leading to the choir. Immediately behind their Majesties are other members of the Royal Family, including Queen Mary, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and Princess Margaret. For the occasion the temporary altar in the Cathedral was moved back 40 ft. and, the repair of the stalls carvings having been completed, the full length of the choir was revealed. Before the start of the service of thanksgiving, the procession inside St. Paul's was headed by four heralds in their tabards, the clergy and the Lord Mayor of London

THE KING AND QUEEN GIVE THANKS—THEIR MAJESTIES SEATED SIDE BY SIDE AT THE HEAD OF THE AISLE AND WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY BEHIND THEM: Queen Mary, who is seen seated on the right, attended St. Paul's with King George V in 1918 on the occasion of her own silver wedding anniversary, and it was there, too, that she gave thanks in 1935 on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of King George V. Princess Margaret is seated next to Queen Mary, and the Duchess of Kent is accompanied by her daughter, Princess Alexandra, and her sons, Prince Michael and the Duke of Kent

WITH THE CITY SWORD BEFORE THEM—THE KING AND QUEEN KNEELING DURING THE SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING: On the red plush stool in front of their Majesties is the pearl sword which the Lord Mayor of London handed to the King on arrival at Temple Bar. After his Majesty had touched the sword it was returned to the Lord Mayor, who bore it in the procession up the aisle of the Cathedral before the start of the service. Seated behind the King are the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. On the right are members of the College of Heralds who also took part in the Cathedral procession

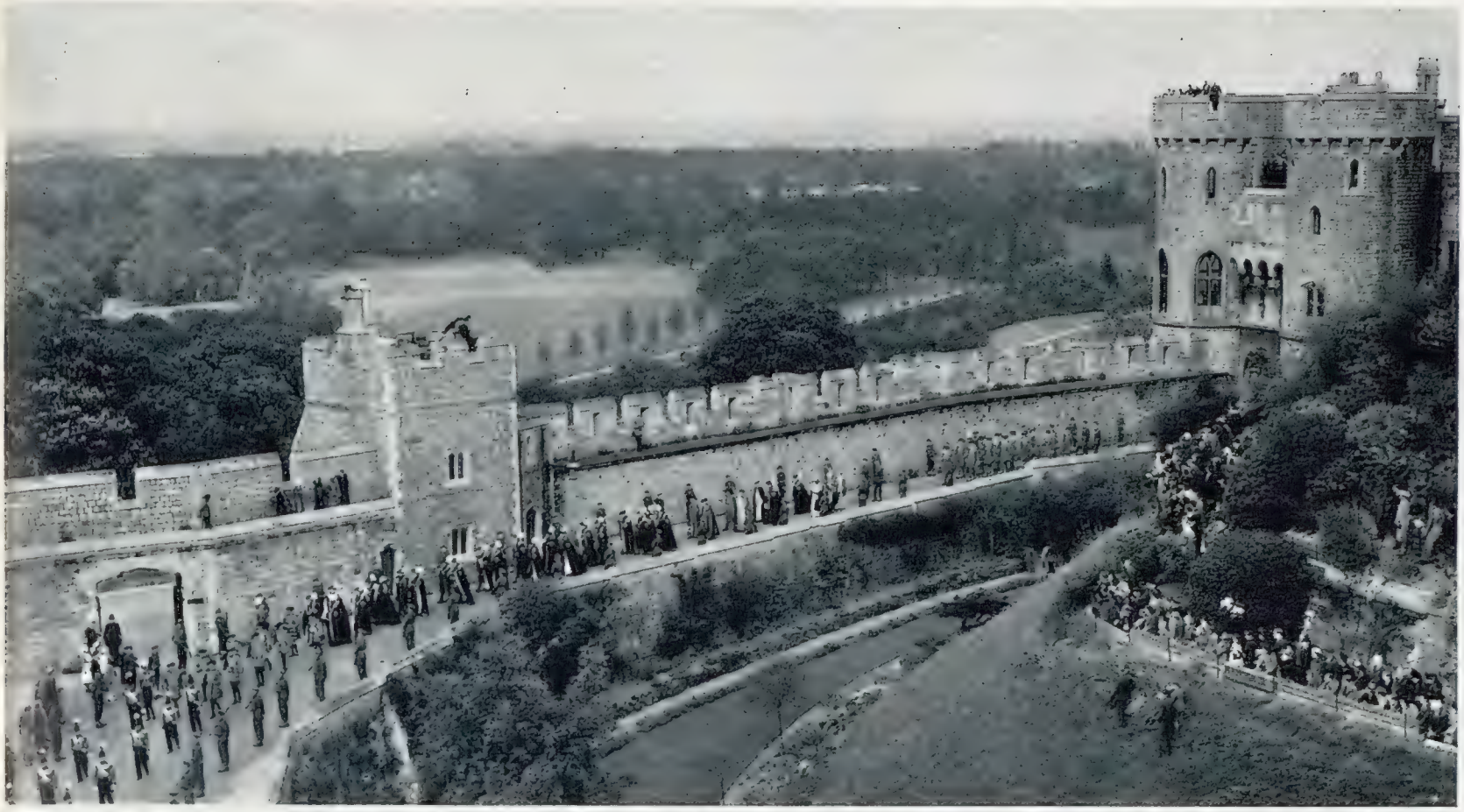
A DAY OF PAGEANTRY IN WINDSOR: THE GARTER SERVICE ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY

A Stately Prelude to London's Silver Jubilee Celebrations

THE KING AND QUEEN, WEARING THE ROBES OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER, LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR: Their Majesties outside the Chapel of the Order after last Friday's ceremony to mark the installation of the new knights and the 600th anniversary of the inauguration of the brotherhood. The long trains of their mantles were carried by pages in white knee-breeches and scarlet coats of eighteenth-century cut

QUEEN MARY AND HER TRAINBEARER, THE HON. JAMES OGILVY, THIRD SON OF THE EARL OF AIRLIE: Her Majesty arriving at St. George's Chapel for the Garter Service and the installation of the new knights. In addition to Queen Mary other Ladies of the Order are the Queen, Princess Elizabeth and Queen Wilhelmina

A NEWLY-INSTALLED KNIGHT AND LADY OF THE ORDER WALKING IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE CASTLE WARDS: Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh on their way to the Chapel for the thanksgiving service and the ceremony of installation. Their banners now hang in St. George's beside those of the King and Queen, and of Queen Mary



ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1948—PAGEANTRY AMID THE BATTLEMENTS OF WINDSOR AS THE GARTER KNIGHTS PASS ON THEIR WAY TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL : Leading the procession were the Military Knights of Windsor, pensioned officers of much service, and they were followed by the Pursuivants, Heralds, and Kings of Arms in their tabards. Next came the Knights and the Ladies of the Order, resplendent in blue mantles with gold collars

THE GARTER KNIGHTS AT THE CHAPEL—THE PROCESSION REACHES ST. GEORGE'S, WHERE THE WAY WAS GUARDED BY DISMOUNTED MEN OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY RESTORED FOR THE OCCASION TO BREASTPLATES AND JACK-BOOTS : Burghers from Windsor and other visitors were permitted to watch the procession

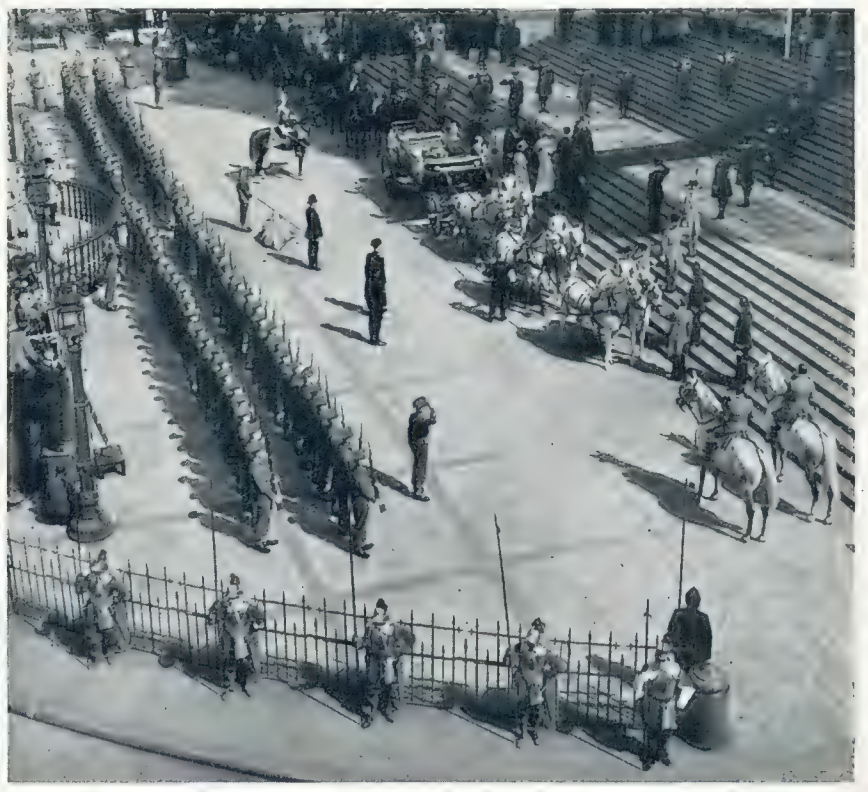
The Order of the Garter, the most illustrious and ancient of Orders, was originally instituted by King Edward III in 1348, and this year consequently represents the 600th anniversary. With a completeness of ritual not observed since the reign of George III, and as a prelude to the Royal events of this week, the ceremony of installation took place at Windsor last Friday, St. George's Day, a day celebrated in England's annals for more than one notable reason. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Lord Montgomery and Lord Alexander were among those honoured, and it was fitting enough that distinguished fighting men should predominate among the new knights, for the Order of the Garter was originally purely military in its significance. A perfect spring day marked the occasion, and the procession of the Knights and Ladies of the Order through the Wards of Windsor Castle provided a magnificent spectacle for the people of Windsor and other visitors who attended it. The day of rich ceremonial opened in the Throne Room of the Castle, where the investiture of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh took place. Later in St. George's Chapel the King, as Sovereign of the Order, summoned them individually to their stalls. In addition to the St. George's Day installation there will be a 600th anniversary service on Sunday, July 18, when the King and Queen will again be present

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER ARRIVE WITH PRINCE WILLIAM : The Prince tried to get in step with his father as they walked along the carpeted approach to St. Paul's

THE GUESTS ARRIVE.—The crowd at St. Paul's raised a tremendous cheer for Queen Mary as she arrived in her car ahead of the Royal carriage procession. Previous to that they had seen a succession of cars unloading their guests near the West Door, and proceeding to their selected places of waiting. In honour of their great record of service the Honourable Artillery Company mounted guard outside the Cathedral, and their company of pikemen in seventeenth-century uniform also contributed to the pageantry of the occasion.

THE GUESTS ARRIVE : The big procession of cars down Fleet Street as those with tickets of admission to St. Paul's passed along the last part of the processional route. On the right is one of the bands which regaled the crowd

QUEEN MARY AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT ST. PAUL'S : Her Majesty, who celebrated her Silver Wedding at St. Paul's in 1918 and accompanied King George V on the Silver Jubilee drive in 1935, seen as she alighted from her car. Queen Mary did not take part in the carriage procession from the Palace, driving to St. Paul's by car a few minutes before the King and Queen were due to arrive at the West Door



THE ARRIVAL AT ST. PAUL'S : An overhead view of the scene as the King and Queen proceeded up the Cathedral steps. Drawn up between the statue of Queen Anne and the steps was a guard of honour mounted by the Honourable Artillery Company and accompanied by the band of the Grenadier Guards. The H.A.C. also paraded a company of pikemen in seventeenth-century uniform, and members of this unit are seen standing by the railings in the foreground

THE ROYAL FAMILY'S TWENTY-FIVE DRAMATIC YEARS

Courtship, Marriage, the Abdication, the Coronation, and the Royal Tours

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE quarter of a century which has elapsed since the Duke of York became engaged to the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon one Sunday in January 1923, at St. Paul's Waldenbury, has been the most dramatic in history and has seen an unusual number of deaths and births in the Royal Family's immediate circle. Consider the position when the present King and Queen were married at Westminster Abbey. King George V was on the throne. His elder son, the Prince of Wales, was the heir to the throne, but showed no signs of marrying. True, Princess Mary had married Lord Lascelles the previous year. But the Duke of Kent was still a boy and the Duke of Gloucester had just joined the 10th Hussars. There was no reason whatsoever to suppose that the Duke of York would succeed to the throne or that the daughter of Lord Strathmore would become the mother of the future Queen of England. For this reason the wedding, though naturally attended by all European royalties or their representatives, did not create anything like the public excitement caused by Princess Elizabeth's marriage to the Duke of Edinburgh a few months ago. This was not surprising, because the public knew very little about the Duke of York except for the fact that he was in H.M.S. *Collingwood* at the Battle of Jutland; had been transferred to the Royal Air Force, subsequently winning the R.A.F. Doubles with Sir Louis Greig at Wimbledon in 1920; and was keen on boys' camps.

Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon was known, of course, to come of a very ancient and, indeed, Royal Scottish family, her father having a town house in Bruton Street, a country house at St. Paul's Waldenbury, and the famous Glamis Castle in Scotland. It was the Glamis background which was best known to the public. After the wedding—twenty-five years ago this week—the Duke and Duchess of York divided their honeymoon between Polesden Lacey, near Dorking, and Glamis, and then set up house at White Lodge, Richmond Park, where King George V and Queen Mary had first lived after their marriage. Indeed, the Duke of York's position was much the same as that of his father when the Duke of Clarence was still alive.

His first public appearances after his marriage were visits to Yugoslavia and Rumania. Next year he and the Duchess of York made a tour of Northern Ireland and then went off big-game shooting to East Africa. They were away until April 1925, during which time they got two elephants, two rhinoceroses, a lion and a lioness, among other wild animals.

In 1926 Princess Elizabeth was born, by which time they had moved to 145, Piccadilly, thus enabling the public to see the infant Princess in her perambulator through the railings on Hyde Park Corner.

Until now the Prince of Wales had captured all the popularity. He had become the finest ambassador that Great Britain possessed, travelling all round the world; while the Duke of York stayed at home visiting factories, identifying himself more and more with youth movements and industrial welfare. Indeed, he had become President of the Industrial Welfare Society, as well as of the Barnardo Homes and the National Playing Fields Association. Besides this, he was the official founder of the Boys' Camps, with which he was particularly identified after the photograph appeared of him wearing shorts in a camp at New Romney. Now, however, he took a leaf out of his brother's book and made a tour of Australia. He was away for six months with the Duchess, leaving the infant Princess at home. During this tour he formally unlocked the doors of the New Parliament House at Canberra. On his return he busied himself anew in welfare work of various sorts.

At that time the Duke of Gloucester was still a young cavalry officer and the Duke of Kent a junior lieutenant in the Royal Navy. He therefore had a great many public duties to perform which could not yet be delegated to his younger brothers. In 1928, when King George V was so seriously ill, he was appointed one of the six Counsellors of State, and as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly to the Church of Scotland he was enthroned in Edinburgh, holding court at Holyrood in the place of his father, who was too ill to attend.

By now he was a Rear-Admiral in the Royal Navy, a Major-General in the Army and an Air Vice-Marshal in the Royal Air Force. He was also Colonel of five regiments and of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and a D.C.L. of both Oxford and Cambridge. His activities in social welfare had resulted in his driving locomotives and trams, making innumerable speeches in factories, picking coal at the coal-face and taking part in blasting operations—which did not leave much time for his tennis, squash or golf, at which game he could always beat the Prince of Wales, although the latter played much more. In 1930 Princess Margaret was born.

By this time there were three distinct Royal salons in London—Buckingham Palace, where the King and Queen entertained their now elderly friends and Royal relations from abroad; St. James's Palace, where the Prince of Wales attracted the most fashionable and brilliant of the younger set; and 145, Piccadilly, which was about halfway between the two. This difference in tastes of the two brothers became increasingly apparent during the next six years—until the death of King George V in January 1936, when the scenes at the funeral and outside Buckingham Palace were most impressive. Evidence of the public sorrow was profound, while the vigil of the four Royal Princes at the Lying-in-State at Westminster Hall was an almost mediæval reminder of the Royal Family ties.

Now that the Prince of Wales had succeeded to the throne the Duke of York's duties became still more onerous. One of his immediate extra responsibilities being the chairmanship of the Coronation Committee until the Abdication. On the night of December 11, 1936, King Edward VIII—or, rather, Prince Edward—gave a family dinner party at Royal Lodge, Windsor Park, attended by his four brothers, the Princess Royal and Queen Mary. After dinner was over he went to the microphone and broadcast his historic decision. At midnight the Duke of York returned to 145, Piccadilly, giving his first audience next morning at Buckingham Palace to Sir John Simon. This was followed by his first Privy Council, in fact, the Accession Council.

No man ever less coveted the supreme position which is his to-day. It has been said of him by the royal biographer that he seemed to be weighed down rather than exalted by his Royal state, and that the crowds, the bother, the wall of impersonal deference which met him so often, only embarrassed him. It was certainly typical of him that his first public utterance after his brother's abdication included this sentence: "You may be assured that it is my determination to do all that lies within my power to safeguard the liberties of my people and to promote their prosperity and contentment."

The coronation took place on May 12, 1937. The war clouds were already gathering, and my own most vivid memory of the scene inside Westminster Abbey was not the glittering pomp and pageantry, the jewels and cuirasses, and the fanfares, but the short, stocky figure of Field-Marshal Blomberg, representing Hitler, in his field grey uniform as he stumped along the aisle, swinging his baton.

Later that summer the King was inspecting gas-masks in the North of England. Came the Munich crisis, during which, incidentally, occurred the death of the Queen's mother—Lady Strathmore. He now had to return from Scotland and attend meetings of the Privy Council, some of them held as late as 10 p.m. The tension ceased. He returned to Scotland, and early that winter announced his forthcoming trip to the United States as well as to Canada. Originally, the Royal couple were to have gone in *Repulse*, but owing to the strained situation the *Empress of Australia* was selected instead. Both in Canada and the United States a Royal welcome was given. Half-a-million Americans crowded to Niagara Falls in order to witness the historic scene of a British monarch setting foot on American soil. His popularity was complete when he was photographed eating a hot-dog at President Roosevelt's country seat. As for Canada, there was little doubt that his visit and that of the Queen, whose Scottish blood naturally endeared her to the Canadian-Scottish, strengthened the ties between Canada and Great Britain in a way that nothing else could have done.

On his return to England war with Germany was inevitable. He visited naval colleges, Civil Defence workers, and every other facet of a nation reluctantly preparing for war. He also paid a State visit to Paris and in turn received the President of the French Republic over here.

His magnificent record during the war is too recent to need recapitulation. He shared the sufferings of his people both literally and metaphorically. His brother was killed while on duty in an aeroplane crash; his own home was bombed; the Queen lost her father; and all the time his two daughters were growing up. The problem of Princess Elizabeth's education was a very grave one. Was she to be sequestered, or join in the hurly-burly of military service like other girls of her age? Everybody realises now how right his decision was. Early last year he and his family went to South Africa, once again strengthening the ties of Empire and, incidentally, introducing his daughters to the appalling strain of Royal tours. Already, Princess Elizabeth had fallen helplessly in love with the Duke of Edinburgh, a young man so personable that the most democratic members of the public could not help liking him. Princess Margaret has not yet found herself a husband, but that may not be long now.

One thing is certain. The Silver Wedding ceremony on Monday has been a wonderful example of family felicity in an age of divorce. The King himself has proved himself to be a real family man, deeply religious, and a worthy subscriber to his family motto: "Ich Dien."

BENEATH THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF LAST MONDAY'S SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE WEDDING OF KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH: It was at St. Paul's that Queen Victoria returned thanks in 1897 on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of her accession, and there, amid nation-wide rejoicing, King George V and Queen Mary celebrated in 1935 their own accession Silver Jubilee. Percy Home in this drawing shows the vast central space beneath the dome of St. Paul's which, in the opinion of many, is the chief glory of the Cathedral. The fluted pews and the choir stalls typify all that is best in the art of that master wood-carver, Grinling Gibbons

APRIL IN TOWN AND COUNTRYSIDE

A Record of the Home News in Pictures

"WHEN APRIL TOSSES BOUNTY TO THE CHERRIES AND THE PLUMS": Choirboys walking in the procession from Newington Parish Church, Kent, before taking part in the ceremony of blessing the orchards. Rising in the background are the familiar outlines of oasthouses, which belong so essentially to the Kentish scene

"THE CHERRY WHITENS IN THE APRIL AIR, AND ENGLAND LIES NEW WASHEN GREEN AND FAIR": The Rev. A. H. Lance, of Newington Parish Church, near Sittingbourne, Kent, conducting the ceremony of blessing the cherry orchards in the presence of his choir and parishioners. In the background is the tower of Newington Church. This ceremony took place a fortnight before the Rogation Days, when prayers for the harvest are made in most country districts. The Rogation Days are the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday before Ascension Day, and have been observed in the Western churches ever since the fifth century

TESSELLATED PAVING UNEARTHED IN THE WEST COUNTRY: This work of the Roman period was accidentally brought to light by the burrowing activities of rabbits. The pavement is at Whittington, near Andoversford, Gloucestershire, and it is believed that it forms part of a Roman villa. Members of Bristol and Gloucester Archæological Society examined the site at Easter. As a result of their findings, full-scale excavations are being organised

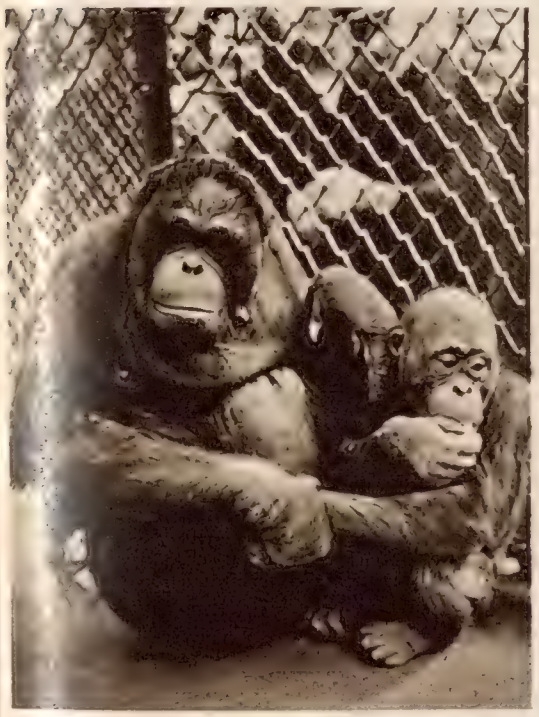
BIRTH OF THE JUNK PLAYGROUND: An experimental playground which is the first of its kind in London, where children can play with builders' junk, scrap metal and sand, is being laid out on the site of blitzed St. Luke's Church, Peckham. It has been planned by a group of social workers who have formed the Camberwell Playgrounds Committee, and it has cost less than £20. The objects of the "junk-yard" are to keep children away from the streets, and to give them an outlet for "doing something different." Watched by voluntary supervisors, the children will be able to design their own "hide-outs," and find their own novel uses for timber, bricks and scaffolding

TO BE OR NOT TO BE—THE WORKS v. WALKS DISPUTE STILL RAGES IN THE HOPE VALLEY: With a 10-ft. model of the proposed new cement works and the surrounding country before him, Mr. A. G. Shoesmith (left), Inspector of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, is seen at Chapel-en-le-Frith conducting the official inquiry. The new works will cover ground which has long been a favourite haunt of country ramblers, who have gone there from as far afield as Sheffield and Manchester

THE RISE OF THE NEW LONDON: Built on a bomb-damaged site, the London County Council's Minerva Street estate at Bethnal Green consists of eight large blocks of 261 flats. The monolithic concrete form of construction is followed throughout, and the outside walls are faced with concrete made from Portland stone salvaged from buildings hit during the war. In Minerva Street there are roof playgrounds and there are playgrounds adjoining for children under five. Wide balconies are a big feature of the scheme

A TREASURE ISLAND FOR GEOLOGISTS: Dr. Serge Tomkeiff, leading lecturer in geology at King's College, Newcastle, discussing a specimen with his son, thirteen-year-old Michael, during an expedition on the island of Arran. Every year since 1919 Dr. Tomkeiff has visited Arran to give practical lessons to his students. According to Dr. Tomkeiff, "Arran is the only spot in the British Isles which can be considered ideal for geologists, the geographer and the naturalist." Arran Island, famous for its volcanic rocks and pitchstone, is annually visited by geologists from Oxford, Bedford, Newcastle, Glasgow and Nottingham Universities. The once-famous barytes mines north of Corrie, on the east coast of the island, are now exhausted. Before the war they yielded thousands of tons of barytes, used in powder form for white paint and cosmetics. Arran has an immense wealth of foliage. More than 300 specimens of rare flowers are to be found. Palm-trees, orange bushes and vines flower there, and the more common summer rose has been known to bloom during Christmastide

SEARCHING FOR THE SECRETS OF THE ROCKS: Members of Dr. Tomkeiff's geological party at work on the shores of Arran. They are examining a section of rock which has for centuries been subject to the action of the fierce seas which sweep in on this island coast



MARY AND SPIKE COME OUT TO PLAY: The London Zoo's orang-outangs enjoying their first day out in the warm spring sunshine at Regent's Park. Mary has adopted Spike and speedily takes offence if any keeper attempts to separate them

ANOTHER VETERAN PASSES—H.M.S. "RAMILLIES" ON THE WAY TO THE SCRAP-YARD: The old battleship passing the Nab Light in charge of three tugs. The "Ramillies," belonging to the celebrated Revenge class, was laid down in 1913 and completed in 1917. She follows "Nelson," "Rodney," "Renown," "Queen Elizabeth" and "Valiant" to the scrap-yard, and will add measurably to Britain's supply of scrap so vitally needed to maintain the pace of industry. "Ramillies" has a displacement of 29,000 tons

FROM OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY COMES CHICKO THE PANDA: Chicko, now an inhabitant of London Zoo, belongs to the Himalayan species, but is a close relative of the giant panda from the "lost triangle" between China and Tibet. Chicko has no dark rings round his eyes, but in many respects he resembles his rare relative

ENGLAND'S "DARK SATANIC MILLS" ARE LOOKING UP: A scene at Lily Mills, Shaw, Lancashire, where modernisation of equipment, congenial conditions and the provision of amenities have done much to attract new workers to the cotton industry. The greatly-improved working conditions, excellent lighting arrangements, humidity units, air-conditioning plant and locker seats all help to promote a happier, healthier staff and increase production. The urgent need for raising cotton yarn output—a new target figure of 20,000,000 lbs. a week has been suggested—was recently stressed by the Prime Minister

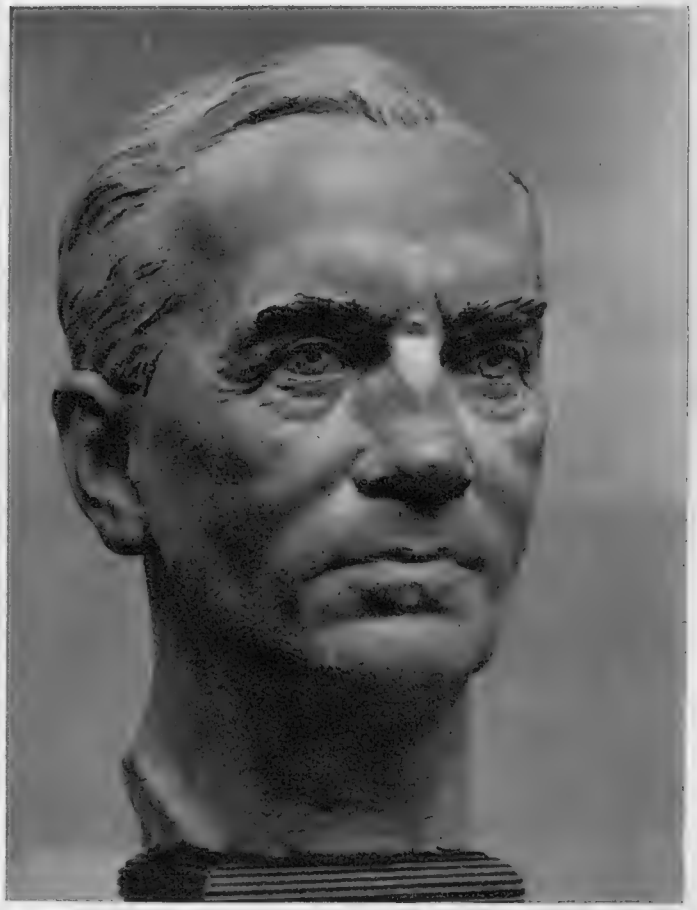
The World of Art

RESTORING A CITY RESIDENCE

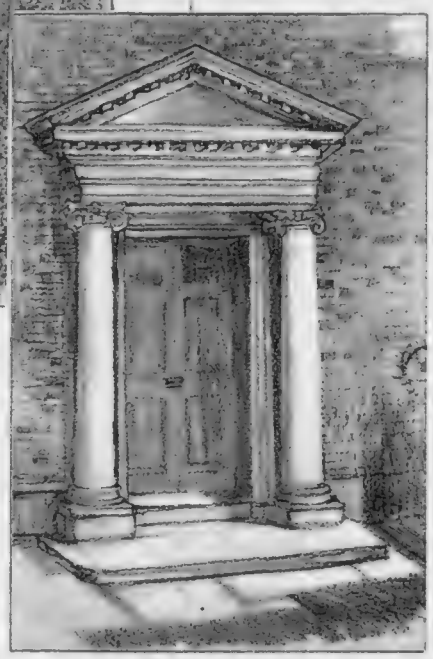
A New Portrait Bust of Sir Alexander Fleming: The Hermit Artist of Hickling Broad

IN THE HOUSE AT 21, COLLEGE HILL: An artist's impression of the fine old staircases in this house near St. Michael's, Paternoster, which is now in course of restoration. The house is one of the few examples of an important private residence now existing within the City boundary, and it is very probably the only example of its particular period—*Drawing by W. P. Robins, A.R.W.S., R.E.*

The late seventeenth-century—early-eighteenth-century residence at 21, College Hill, recorded in the three drawings by Mr. Robins, was at one time the home of Sir Samuel Pennant, Lord Mayor of London, 1749-50, who died of gaol-fever contracted at the sessions at Old Newgate. Its connection is with the Wilde family, which produced those two eminent judges Lords Truro and Penzance and Lieut.-General Sir Alfred Wilde (1819-78), that brilliant soldier of the Queen who led one of the storming parties at Lucknow. It is good to know that the house is being preserved intact



SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING, F.R.S., A PORTRAIT BUST OF THE DISCOVERER OF PENICILLIN, BY E. ROLAND BEVAN: Mr. Bevan was given numerous sittings by Sir Alexander, and the result is a very fine study in character. Mr. Bevan studied at the Birmingham School of Art before gaining entrance to the Royal Academy Schools. He has carried out many commissions, one of them a memorial to his friend P. Wilson Steer



GRACE IN STONE AND GRACE IN WOOD: Two more drawings by Mr. Robins of the old City residence at 21, College Hill, E.C. The building was for some time the offices of a very old-established firm of City solicitors

AVOCETS IN BROADLAND: One of the forty-four pictures in Mr. Roland Green's exhibition. These wonderfully graceful birds nested in East Anglia last year for the first time for a century

MR. ROLAND GREEN, THE "HERMIT ARTIST" OF HICKLING BROAD: whose exhibition of bird paintings, including many of the rarest species in Britain, opened recently at Ackermann's Galleries, Old Bond Street. Mr. Green lives the whole year round in a wooden hut amid the reed-beds at Hickling, in the heart of the Norfolk Broads. In winter, when the floods are out, the hut is only approachable by boat. Mr. Green has seen bitterns within a few yards of his front door, and from his sitting-room window has painted the marsh-harrier in flight. He completed the celebrated murals of Broadland bird-life for the late Lord Desborough, and these now adorn Whiteslea Lodge on Hickling Broad

"LA BOHÈME" TELEVISED

The First Televising of an Entire Opera

On Monday of last week the Cambridge Theatre became a B.B.C. studio for the night; the ordinary performance of Puccini's *La Bohème* was cancelled and an audience was assembled by B.B.C. ballot for the occasion. At the same time, the first three Acts of the opera were broadcast in the Light Programme. The recent dispute between the B.B.C. and the Musicians' Union was overcome because the performance was a private one and the theatre became virtually a studio for the occasion. Never before had the B.B.C. transmitted an entire opera from the theatre and the evening was a triumph for the new Director of Television, Norman Collins. The television producers, Philip Bate and Campbell Logan, took over from Dino Borgioli, who produced the opera, and they re-arranged the grouping for the television camera. *La Bohème* was sung in English instead of Italian.

REHEARSING THE FIRST TELEVISING OF AN ENTIRE OPERA AT THE CAMBRIDGE THEATRE. Keith Rogers (on right), one of the television producers, groups the company for the garret scene. They are (left to right): James Johnston (Rudolph); Julia McKeegan (Musetta); Sydney Snape (Schaunard); Ian Wallace (Colline) and Stanley Pope (Marcel)

TECHNICAL HITCH OVER A SHAWL: Campbell Logan, the television producer, advises Dino Borgioli (the New London Opera Company's Vocal Director and Producer) that Mimi's white shawl must be replaced by one of colour, owing to difficulties of televising it. Left to right are Sydney Snape, Dino Borgioli, Daria Bayan, who sings "Mimi," James Johnston, Ian Wallace and Campbell Logan

TELEVISING THE DEATH-BED SCENE IN THE LAST ACT: The audience was privately invited by the B.B.C.'s usual ballot system and members of it were asked to move if their place was needed by the television camera-men, seeking a new "angle." Standing on the left on the stage are Ian Wallace and Julia McKeegan. Seated are Daria Bayan and James Johnston, and standing on right of couch, Sydney Snape and Stanley Pope. On the extreme right of the stage, Keith Rogers (B.B.C. producer) and Dino Borgioli (producer of "La Bohème") are discussing the composition of the group for the television

On left—**OUTSIDE THE CAMBRIDGE THEATRE: Special permission was obtained to park the B.B.C. television car in front of the theatre for two days. Listening to the sound recording track are Afro Poli and Dino Borgioli**

On right—**TELEVISION OPERATORS SET UP THEIR CAMERAS IN THE DRESS CIRCLE OF THE CAMBRIDGE THEATRE: The performance was under the supervision of Norman Collins, the Director of Television**

The CALL of the OPEN ROAD

A.A. PATROLS LEAVE FOR HOLLAND: Mr. Edward Fryer, Secretary of the Automobile Association, shaking hands with patrolmen before they set out for the Continent with their motor-cycle combination. They are taking part in Holland in the celebrations commemorating the first anniversary of the Dutch Touring Club's Road Patrol Service. The service is modelled closely on that of the Automobile Association

CELEBRATING THE RETURN OF BASIC: Captain A. W. Phillips (of the R.A.C.) and Mr. W. V. Gibson (of the A.A.), Joint Secretaries of the Standing Joint Committee, R.A.C., at the cocktail-party given by the Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association at the Connaught Rooms, London, on the occasion of the restoration of the petrol allowance, for which their two organisations have striven so hard

MOUNTING THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD: Mr. E. Fryer (left), Secretary of the A.A., shaking hands with Mr. J. Leer, managing director of B.S.A. Cycles, Ltd., at the Birmingham Small Arms factory on the occasion of the handing over of the 1,000th motor-cycle combination to the A.A. The British Automobile Association, formed in order to protect and advance the legitimate interests of motorists, came into existence in July 1905

LORD KIMBERLEY TAKES DELIVERY OF A 2·4-LITRE HEALEY: Standing beside his new acquisition which is claimed to be the world's fastest standard model car. Produced mainly for the export market—although several models have been sold at home—the Healey is a sleek, Continental-lined, 4-cylinder car developing nearly 100 b.h.p., capable of over 100 m.p.h., and with a remarkable low petrol consumption of between 27 to 30 m.p.g. A feature is the lack of bounce at top speed, achieved with vertical coil springing

THE BRITISH JEEP SHOWS ITS PACES ON A TRICKY GRADIENT: The new model designed by Nuffield Mechanisations being tested at Chobham at the Ministry of Supply Fighting Vehicle Depot. Already it has done 2,000 miles on the "Alpine Course," giving every satisfaction

On left—Most war-time equipment has gone or is going to the scrap-heap. Not so the jeep; the utility car which the British Army acquired with alacrity under the terms of Lend-Lease. It is to be seen everywhere. Realising its value, the War Office have now called for an improved type of jeep, a vehicle which, while retaining the proven characteristics of the original, would incorporate new features. This Mark II jeep has a stressed skin construction effecting a great saving in weight, a 60-b.h.p. engine, a draw-bar towing attachment, and hydraulic four-wheel braking

JUST WAHN OF THOSE THINGS! Mary Wahn, daughter of Dr. Henry Wahn, of the Bronx, made a miscalculation while garaging her father's car. Mary was not hurt, and the car got off lightly, but Dr. Wahn's garage will need adjustment

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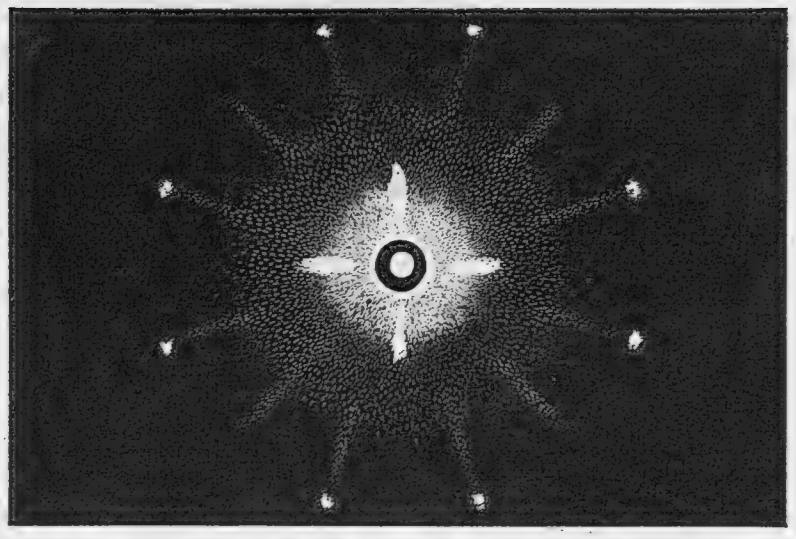

SOLAR SYSTEM . . . inside a piece of steel!

EXAMINATION of the structure of materials has been revolutionised by the development of a special type of X-ray tube. Irregularities in the molecular formation of a piece of steel can, for example, now be photographed. Hitherto, faults in steel quality often used to remain undetected and, as a result, whole engineering enterprises were placed in jeopardy.

Now, however, the Philips Diffraction Apparatus can minutely examine the molecular formation of any material. The picture reproduced above is not, as might be supposed, a photograph of a firework display, or of the northern lights. It shows the molecular structure of a piece of steel, photographed by this special X-ray tube

The Philips Diffraction Apparatus provides just one more example of the many industrial advances that have come from the Philips Research Laboratories.

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CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2 (P369)

May

The British Industries Fair opens in London and Birmingham early in May. This great display reflects the skill and resourcefulness of the people of this country in providing the exports so essential to our national well-being. Many exhibitors enjoying an international reputation can recall their first steps and not a few the aid and support received from the Midland Bank. Over a century ago this Bank began as a local undertaking in Birmingham, side by side with other examples of early enterprise. To-day the Bank is as ready to meet the needs of those whose requirements are modest as it is of those of the great industrialists, and from stands at the exhibition offers its services to all having need of them.

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THIS EXPORT'S PRACTICALLY INVISIBLE.

Accles & Pollock have made a steel tube so fine that a ton of it would go twice round the world. In consideration of the trouble this would cause to international shipping and school-boys' arithmetic, Accles & Pollock have decided to concentrate on hypodermic needle tubing instead. This is not quite so small as the other tubing, but its extreme precision and its British dependability bring in a lot of hard currency from hard-headed business men all over the world.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

OSBERT SITWELL and the ENCHANTED YEARS

The Third Volume of His Autobiography is as Good, if not Better Than its Predecessors

THE first two volumes of Sir Osbert Sitwell's autobiography have not only received almost unanimous praise from the critics, but have earned him an award for the most distinguished work of the year. The third volume, GREAT MORNING (Macmillan. 15s.), has, therefore, to be measured by a very high standard, and one may as well say at once that it is as good as, if not better than, its predecessors. In placing it that shade higher, perhaps one is influenced by the fact that the author is now writing of the years in which he reaches maturity.

The book opens in 1911, when the author was eighteen. Life in this country was gay and carefree and, as the description so aptly puts it, "the air had then a lightness about it that has now everywhere vanished," and there was an atmosphere "not only of pleasure, but of promise, both in the social body and in the arts."

Was it so delusive? In such a record as this, the promise surely lives on, and I for one refuse to believe that only nostalgia keeps it alive.

Of Sir Osbert's contemporaries in the Brigade of Guards, few escaped the carnage of the First World War. Significantly, this volume is dedicated to Field Marshal Viscount Alexander, who, even then, showed promise of being the great soldier he has always been.

There is, of course, a great deal about music, painting and the modern arts, as well as some exciting reminiscences of the debut in London of Serge Diaghilev's Imperial Russian Ballet. There are intimate portraits of the great hostesses, and a particularly sympathetic one of that remarkable character, Margot Asquith. Renishaw and Scarborough are less omnipresent, for the social field has broadened—even to include Lambeth Palace. Among the many items of half-forgotten things, it is amusing to be reminded that the late Sir James Barrie wrote an entire revue entitled *Rosy Rapture* for Gaby Deslys which was produced at His Majesty's Theatre in 1915.

These, indeed, were enchanted years and firmly, decisively, yet with an overlaying lightness of touch, Sir Osbert Sitwell has recaptured them in prose of a quality which cannot be over-praised.

"If you wish for peace, understand war." Based on this dictum, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder delivered four lectures at Cambridge in 1947, and these have now been published in substantially their original form, as AIR POWER IN WAR (Hodder and Stoughton. 9s. 6d.). The lectures, which can well be read in this essay form, deal consecutively with the unities of war, with air superiority, with air power in relation to sea power, and with the exercise of air power.

Summing up, Lord Tedder gives his opinion that "the outstanding and vital lesson of this last war is that air power is the dominant factor in this modern world, and that, though the methods of exercising it will change, it will remain the dominant factor as long as power determines the fate of nations." He quotes, too, General Smuts' saying: "the Air, the architect of Victory."

There can be no argument about the importance of this book, or its significance in our present-day world. Lord Tedder writes not only with the authority that his position gives him, and the practical experience that went with that position during the war years, but with a force and an incisiveness that are well suited to his subject.

Mr. Roy Farran's book of war adventures and personal adventures, WINGED DAGGER (Collins. 10s. 6d.), is at the farthest swing of the pendulum, in manner and content, from this, though both could truthfully be called war books. Mr. Farran is still a very young man, but, like thousands of his contemporaries, the past ten years have been packed for him with a lifetime of experience and of danger.

The book was written while he was in prison awaiting trial, and is dedicated "to all the kind friends who lent money towards the cost of my defence during my recent trouble in Palestine."

From war to peace, and the most peaceful book it has been my pleasure to read for a very long while. GREEN AND GOLD (Allan Wingate. 10s. 6d.) is a book of memories of a childhood and youth spent in Ireland towards the end of the nineteenth century, and it is deliciously, happily and unashamedly nostalgic. Mrs. Mary Hamilton, as a child, lived with her sister, her baby brother, and her parents, at a little distance from Dublin, but not so far that one could not drive into the city through Castleknock and Phœnix Park, and along the quays of the Liffey, to a ball or on a shopping excursion.

Life was quiet, ordered and secure. The author's first recorded memory is of April 1874, but it is of the later '70's and the '80's that she is mainly writing, when village life was closely allied to the interests of the "big house," and when many of the county gentry felt their responsibilities to the villagers, and expressed them in more ways than good advice.

Through all the book is the sense of summer, as there is so often with very early, very happy recollections, but there is wit too, and a sensitive hand in description. Mrs. Hamilton's account of the big walled garden at Rebelsfield glows with colour and is fresh with scent, and her lively sketches of the local figures have great humour.

This is a very special and lovable book, and I recommend it to you in the same spirit as that in which doctors used to recommend a change of air.

VILLAGE IN THE SUN (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is nearer to us in time, though not in space, for here Mr. Dane Chandos has given us a recital of some of his experiences of housekeeping in the Mexican hinterland, where he lived for some years. Incidentally except for its humour, this has nothing in common with the same author's delightful book *Abbie*, which you may remember from last year, unless you add to humour a fairly constant appreciation of other people's idiosyncrasies.

Mr. Chandos is the liveliest of observers, and can get more fun out of an interview with a Mexican chairmaker or the acquisition of Chihuahua dogs than most people could get out of an evening in a music hall.

THE MILITARY ORCHID (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) is a flower which apparently exists, but which is the rarest of species, and Mr. Jocelyn Brooke's little book of this title is concerned, at intervals, with his lifelong search for it. But in the main this is a collection of autobiographical fragments, neatly strung together by this device, and written with grace, wit and a sense of form.

THE GOLDEN EGG (W. H. Allen. 10s. 6d.), has been written by someone who knows the American film industry from the inside, and who has recorded the actions of a section of it in a way that is hilarious, even facetious, in effect and possibly satirical in intention.

Mr. James S. Pollack's writing may surprise and startle you, as it did me, in part, and I can see what a Hollywood critic meant when he wrote that the novel was "full of lovable, lousy, beautiful, beastly people." I didn't find it admirable, and hope that it isn't entirely representative of its subject, but it has a kind of savage gusto.

So, by the way, has NOT SO QUICKLY (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), though it is evident that Mr. Kevin FitzGerald has had a very clear plan of what he intended to do in writing a thriller that, if it won't exactly end all thrillers, will at least set them a high standard of thrills and improbabilities with which to compete.

DARK WEDDING (Grey Walls. 9s. 6d.) is the work of a distinguished Spanish novelist, M. Ramon J. Sender, translated here by Miss Eleanor Clark. It has passages of violence and brutality that are quite horrifying, and it also has its own form of integrity. To read it is an experience, but I'm not sure it is one that you will enjoy.

ON THE LAST STAGE OF A MOUNTAIN RESCUE: The rescuers using a sleigh stretcher to bring to safety Hugh Currie, a Glasgow climber, who had lain with a broken leg for fourteen hours on the mist-enshrouded Cobbler Peak, in the Western Highlands. To rescue Currie two members of the party had to be lowered on to the ledge on which he lay. There they fixed a splint and prepared for the arduous descent

URS GRAF: ARTIST, SOLDIER AND LIBERTINE

The Legacy of a Wild, Fifteenth-century Genius

URS GRAF was a cut-throat, a swindler, a bully and a lecher. He was also a brilliant artist. Because of his character, Graf could never have been great in the way that Michelangelo and Leonardo were great, but his superb, irresistible vitality, communicated in every flourishing line, compensates for the crudity of his themes and their sometimes barbarous frenzy. In URS GRAF (Home and Van Thal. 30s.) Emil Major and Erwin Gradmann have produced a magnificent portfolio of the work of this sixteenth-century German-Swiss artist, who was so full-blooded both in his technique and in his way of life. Graf was born at Solithurn between 1485 and 1490, and his early years were spent as a goldsmith at Basle and Strasbourg. His love of adventure, however, sent him striding half across Europe, and we hear of him in Rome, where he went with a troop from Solithurn in 1511; in Dijon, where he went with the Basle Expedition two years later, and on the bloody field of Mariganono, where he fought the French and German lansquenets. Each time Graf heard the drums of war his heart beat faster, and he knew that he must follow them; and each time he returned home he came laden with spoil, booty partly in the form of ideas, drawings and sketches. It was little wonder that the reckless soldier of fortune who brandished the sword with such fiendish joy was able to portray the turmoil and horror of battle with terrible exactitude. Camp life, too, provided him with endless subjects, while the wanton ladies of Basle figured in many a delicate woodcut coarse in theme. The extent of Graf's output was prodigious, considering the amount of time the artist spent in gaol or at the wars. His drawings and engravings nearly all have the master-touch, the independence and ruthless honesty of genius. The notes on the reproductions in this excellent volume have been compiled with much care, and form a valuable critical analysis hitherto not available in English in such detail.

When Noel Coward wrote and produced his epic film *In Which We Serve*, he presented a picture of the Senior Service at war, of the domestic background of the fighting men, in which the truth shone clear, sentiment was allowed to take no more than its proper place, and a deep sincerity animated the whole story. Nothing could have been more effective, or more moving. Employing almost exactly the same technique, but in a different medium, Michael Packe, who served with the Airborne Division from 1942 to 1946, has written FIRST AIRBORNE (Secker and Warburg. 15s.). Throughout he adheres to factual truth in describing events, but he combines with it all the advantages of fictional form. The author takes the officers and men of the Division through the excitements and apprehensions of the first training jumps, through the frustrations of Sicily and Italy, the days of waiting in England in 1944 (when operation after operation was cancelled and Airborne men despaired of ever being allowed their chance of fulfilling the purpose of their training), and, finally, to the mighty climax of Arnhem. This is an absorbing narrative. It does not glorify war; it does not make men out to be better than they are, but it affirms beyond all doubting the author's belief in the essential "compulsion of goodness in the human spirit" which emerges whenever men are tried in the fire. It is a book of sunlight and shadow, with light relief in plenty amid the horrors of war, and both are drawn in with a sure, unerring hand.

The "Introductions to Architecture" Series (Art and Technics. 10s. 6d.) is launched with Paul Reilly's REGENCY ARCHITECTURE and Hugh Casson's VICTORIAN ARCHITECTURE. They provide an appropriate and contrasting pair. Mr. Casson makes quite a vigorous defence of the age of Pugin, Ruskin and Morris, but Mr. Reilly has very much the easier task.

Louis Wulff, indefatigable recorder of the doings of Royalty, has written SILVER WEDDING (Sampson Low. 8s. 6d.), and appropriately enough, it is published in this week of thanksgiving. The photographs are excellent, showing the immensity and variety of the activities of the King and Queen. This is not only the record of twenty-five years of devoted service, but of a very happy marriage.

CHRONICLES OF THE HEDGES (Phœnix Press. 12s. 6d.) is a selection of the essays of that great countryman Richard Jefferies which have hitherto not been published in book form. Jefferies' unique powers of observation and almost mystical response to natural things show no diminution in this hitherto neglected work.

This Week's Reprints: Jane Austen's PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (Williams and Norgate. 8s. 6d.); THE GENERAL, by C. S. Forester (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.)

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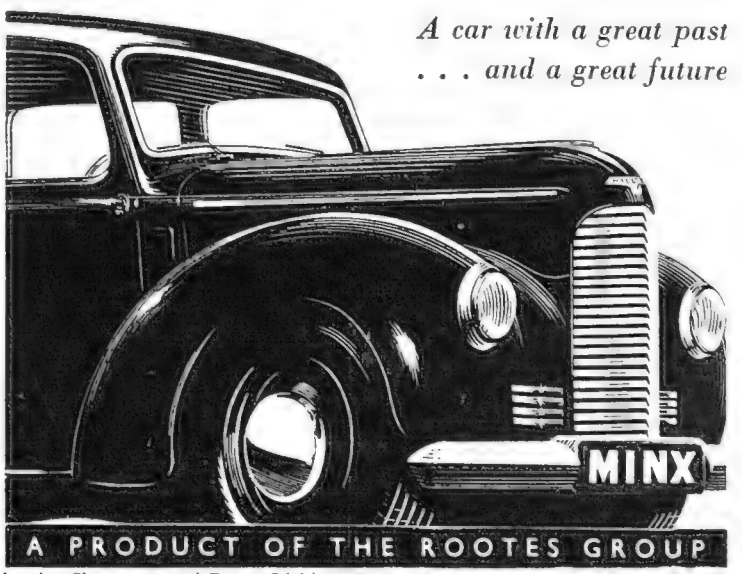

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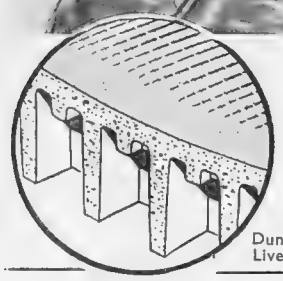

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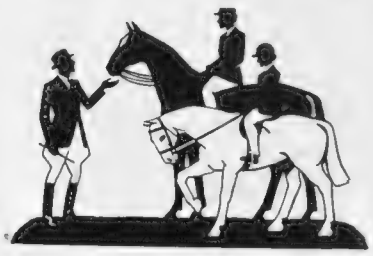

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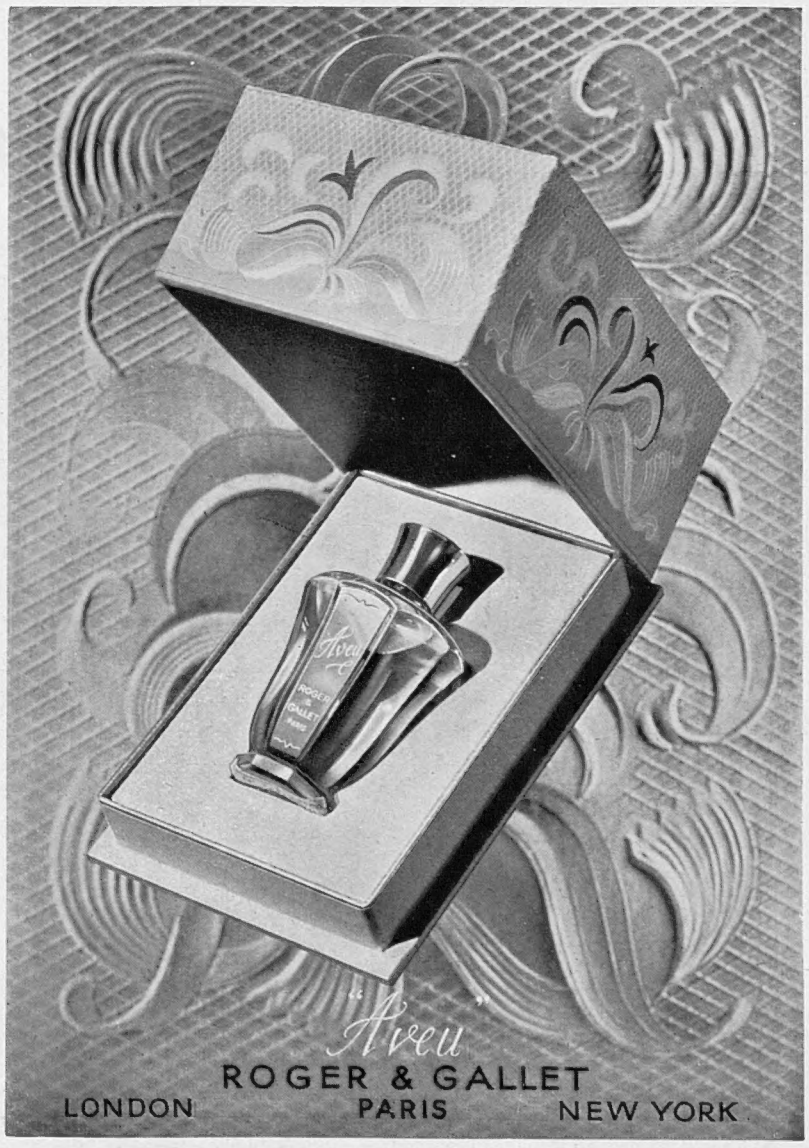

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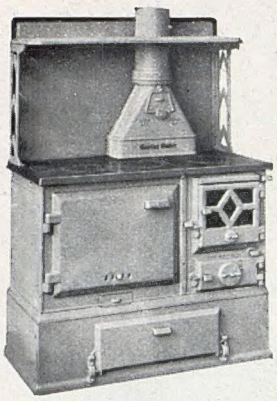

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